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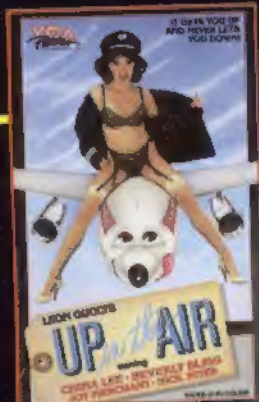
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## \*ROCKY XXIII

### ROCKY XXIII

#### ROCKY XXIII



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McLEAN, LADI VON JANSKY, *senior*  
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Single copy, U.S. Edition \$3.95, International Edition \$4.95 (add \$1 postage per copy). For subscription information see page 12—sorry, no Canadian subscription orders accepted. Change of Address: Six weeks advance notice, and old address as well as the new are necessary. POSTMASTER: Send change of address to HUSTLER MAGAZINE, P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944. Controlled-circulation postage paid at Los Angeles, CA, and additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A. HUSTLER is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office by HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC. The International Edition of HUSTLER MAGAZINE is published monthly by LFZ, LTD., P.O. Box 1803, Grand Cayman, B.W.I., with permission of HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC.



# WASHINGTON DAISY CHAIN



Potomac Wire

## Public Relations, or How to Screw the American Taxpayer

by Larry Flynt

Guess who paid for General Dynamics Chairman David Lewis's private jet flights between his home and his farm? Wonder who picked up the tab for 10,000 F-16 jet-fighter commemorative tie tacks? The answer is you, the American taxpayer, who paid for those niceties because those are just some of the items for which the Pentagon reimbursed General Dynamics, one of America's largest defense contractors.

By now the story of the outrageously ex-



Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger got tough during Congressional debate on military budget.

pensive wrenches and coffee makers purchased by the Pentagon is well-known. But according to Pentagon auditors, defense contractors receive more than \$140 million yearly to cover the cost of public relations. Companies have interpreted "public relations" to include: lavish parties, self-congratulatory corporate advertising, presents such as paintings by Wild West artist Frederick Remington and other freebies that are free only to the receiver. In 1982 General Dynamics alone billed taxpayers \$4.5 million in public-relations expenses.

Earlier this year Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger suspended \$40 million in overhead payments to General Dy-

namics for a month while auditors examined questionable expenses. Sounds like a lot of money until you realize that during that month the company continued to receive \$23 million daily for weapon systems "in progress." And with sales of \$7.2 billion last year, General Dynamics managed to survive the \$40-million suspension that may itself have been a public-relations move. Weinberger's tough talk was timed with Congressional debate over the bloated military budget.

\* \* \*

Will the nation's capital legalize prostitution? That's what Dennis Sobin would like to arrange. He's trying to include the issue on a referendum next year. Over the years, Sobin has run a sex tabloid, a massage parlor and a swingers club in Washington.

To publicize his effort to make sex-for-pay legal, he sent the mayor and members of the D.C. City Council a drawing of a man and woman in the 69 position. One councilwoman was so outraged, she wanted to have Sobin prosecuted for sending obscene literature through the mails. But the crafty entrepreneur avoided that problem: He'd had the explicit drawings hand-delivered.

\* \* \*

The director of the Federal Emergency Management Agency wanted to attend a \$250-a-plate political reception for Vice President George Bush, but Louis Giuffrida didn't want to cough up the cash. So he sent his bill to a consulting firm that does work for his agency, and the \$250 was in-



Bureaucrat Louis Giuffrida (left) let the taxpayers foot the bill to attend a George Bush reception.

cluded in its bill for services rendered the government.

Sometimes his wife gets cut in on the largess. Taxpayers spent \$5,000 so Mrs. Giuffrida could accompany her husband to Europe and Mexico. There, a consulting firm doing work for Giuffrida's agency hosted receptions that were charged to

FEMA contracts. And, of course, Mr. and Mrs. Giuffrida flew first-class.

\* \* \*

Remember ex-Secretary of the Interior James Watt? Two years ago he enraged Indian leaders by labeling reservations "failures of socialism."

Now that he's out of government, Watt wants to make peace. He's formed First



Waving greenbacks, ex-Interior Secretary James Watt is now trying to make peace with the Indians.

Americans Company, which solicits businesses to finance economic projects on Indian reservations. Not long ago his company put together a deal with the Comanches of Oklahoma and a Philadelphia firm that intends to build a \$10-million hotel complex on tribal land, property that is exempt from many taxes.

Another deal involving an oil-lease project with the Arapahoes caused dissension within the tribe, some of whose members resent dealing with Watt. The cochairman of the Shoshone tribal council in Wyoming told a reporter, "I'm thinking of a cartoon with Mr. Watt next to an oil well saying, 'The only good Indian is one with oil.'"

\* \* \*

Attending a State Department function not long ago, a high-ranking Pentagon official was startled to be served coffee in a plastic cup. He groused to several people that if the event had been held at the Pentagon, guests would have used fine china. Of course, he joked, each cup might have cost about \$600. . . .

(For future *Washington Daisy Chain* columns, HUSTLER will pay \$1,000 for every anonymous tip that appears in print. The confidentiality of tip sources will be stringently protected by HUSTLER.)



# Feedback

## ASSHOLE CANDIDATE:

I would like to nominate Frank R., the "Sour Kraut" from Oneida, New York, for Asshole of the Month. The letter he wrote to *Feedback* (June '85) was totally tasteless and took more balls than brains to write. Before I get into his letter too much, I would like to say that I am not Jewish, but that I am very interested to find out who the hell this guy thinks he is. What gives him the authority to classify the Jews as "scumbags who are not worthy of a place on Earth"?

If you refer back to his letter, he doesn't have one fact to back up his statement. Later he goes on to say that the United States was an asshole for teaming up on Adolf Hitler. Although Frank mentions that Hitler was a member of the so-called supreme race, he fails to recognize that he was also one of the sickest motherfuckers going.

My father happened to be a POW in a Nazi prison camp during World War II, and the only fault I can find with the United States was accepting brainwashed Germans here after the war. If Frank is so proud of being German and really believes everything he says, he is definitely living in the wrong country.

By the way, Frank, if you're reading this letter, don't be too disappointed. I'm sure that the Jews who buy this magazine have a chamber ready and waiting with your name on it, and if they don't, they ought to.

—Darlene C.

Address Withheld by Request

## DRUNK DRIVING:

This letter is in reference to Dwaine Tinsley's *Comic Relief* column in the March '85 issue. First of all, I don't call that comedy. I've read *HUSTLER* regularly, and I love his cartoons. Also understand that I'm a cop with the U.S. Army. I know from experience what it's like to watch a four-year-old die on the road be-

cause some asshole thought he could drive drunk. And I don't give two flying fucks if some Texan needs a cool one between his legs to keep his balls from overheating. If the fucker drives by while I'm on duty, he's going to get busted.

After reading *Comic Relief*, I can see what Dwaine Tinsley is all about. He's nothing but an asshole who should be locked up before he kills somebody on the highway who may not be older than four years. Fuck you, Tinsley, I'm waiting for you.

—Mike H.

Edgewood, Maryland

## RESTRICTED FREEDOMS:

I'm really pissed off, Mr. Flynt, about freedom of religion, freedom of the press and freedom of speech. Any red-blooded American should know that in the good ol' USA we have freedom of religion as

long as we belong to an "approved and accepted" organized religion like Jerry Falwell does. We have freedom of the press as long as we don't print anything that mentions any part of the human body or, God forbid, any curse words. And we have freedom of speech as long as we don't say anything that might offend or upset anyone.

Should censorship include clothes? I mean, wow, there are some really offensive clothes out there. And what about couples that kiss and cuddle in public? If sex is only for creating babies, there should be no reason for romance or any other such garbage. Then we can all sit around and talk about ways to kill blacks, Jews, fags and Commies. On second thought, why kill the Commies? We'll be so much like them, we might as well move to the USSR.

Seriously though, Mr. Flynt, some of your readers who pick on you all the time would love it that way. I'm a young, white, married, educated mother, and I belong to an organized, approved religion. My husband and I have a normal sex life with normal sex drives. I am not lewd or promiscuous, I read *HUSTLER* and am not at all ashamed of it. I think it's fantastic that you can arouse our senses and keep us from taking life too seriously at the same time. If God had meant sex to be only for making babies, the orgasm would have been replaced by something a lot less exciting.

—D. H.

Farmington, New Mexico



Helga: Lust in the Twilight Years



## BLACK & WHITE:

I found your May '85 *Feedback* letters under the heading "Calling a Spade a Spade" anything but trash. I totally agree with both opinions. I am also fed up with people like Barbara Keith-Smith (the author of your February '85 *Sex Play*) who put down the white race. Black men can't even hold a candle to white men. In general, most black men are ugly inside and too self-righteous. I am also tired of white women trashing around with black men. Don't they realize that they are being used and pulling down the Caucasian race? But again, anything that whores around with blacks can't be called Caucasian, just asshole. Keith-Smith is entitled to her opinions, and so am I. In conclusion, I tip my hat to E. M. and Carol R.

—Jonna  
Waterloo, Iowa

## FILTH & CORRUPTION?

I hope you'll print this letter in *Feedback*. To all of you narrow-minded assholes who write in and complain about the filth and corruption in *HUSTLER* Magazine, I just want to say, "Fuck you!" Are you stupid or just ignorant? Didn't you know what was inside *HUSTLER* before you opened the cover? Well, why then do you want to waste your precious time reading such "filth and corruption"? Why don't you close the pages of this "filthy" maga-

zine right now? Don't corrupt your mind any further. In fact, why don't you get your Bible right now and pray to God for His forgiveness? While you're at it, put in a good word for me too. Meanwhile, I'm going to continue reading this "filth and corruption."

—Sylvia  
Colorado Springs, Colorado

A lot of people say that your hilarious humor and photos of foxy women are filthy and diseased entertainment for bad people. I say such opinions are a bunch of shit. To me, real filth and pornography is something else—like the new Carlton cigarette ads. "If you smoke, please try Carlton." Yuccch, how offensive! How about the TV show *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*? Could you imagine living in Harlem, with seven kids and an eviction notice, and that show coming on the air? It's sick. So whenever I'm disgusted by pornography, I like to get away with a nice fat juicy copy of *HUSTLER*!

—N. Del Valle  
New York, New York

## SIN CITY:

I have just read your June '85 issue, and I feel I must comment on the *Feedback* letter written by Vice-Consul Danilo S. Bacalzo of the Philippine Consulate in Los Angeles regarding your article *Manila: Sodom of the Pacific* (January '85). I

was stationed at Clark Air Base in the Philippines, and it was by far the best 18 months of my life.

Anyone who finds something sick and dirty with the truth has real perception problems. If Bacalzo is concerned about "five-day instant experts," maybe someone who lived there for almost two years knows what he's talking about. There's no truth in anything that Mr. Bacalzo wrote. To say that Manila (or lesser-known Angeles City or Subic Bay) is *not* sexually open and that it is not a cheap place for no-holds-barred sex extravaganzas is an outright lie. There is no place in the world like Manila to literally get whatever you want at dirt-cheap prices.

Bacalzo tries to make President Ferdinand Marcos look holy. Marcos is one of the most corrupt bastards in the world today. I was in the Philippines when popular opposition leader Benigno Aquino was killed. I consider Marcos to be a true Asshole of the Month (which he was in May 1980, thanks to *HUSTLER*).

Filipino men are the most ignorant waste of sperm I've ever seen. They consistently try to steal, beg or conspire in any way they can just to get even a buck.

You won't ever find a sex show anywhere in the States that rivals those in the Philippines. Filipino women love American men, which is the reason so many Filipino men have contempt for their American counterparts. What do the guys there have to offer their women? An average monthly salary of \$77.

All I know is, any time a Filipino woman comes up to me and offers me a rimjob, blowjob and a fuck until I come twice (all for \$5, if she even charges), I think I'll believe what she has to offer, not a diplomat who uses archaic phrases like "sex shenanigans." I'll take PI (Philippine Islands, Paradise Islands) any day.

—Chris  
Address Withheld by Request

## LUST IN THE TWILIGHT YEARS:

Please print my letter, for I want to thank you for a fantastic birthday gift—the June '85 issue of *HUSTLER* with your centerfold, the pink-in-years Helga. She is one fine *HUSTLER* Honey, and her pictures shall grace my walls. Incidentally, any chance of a second peek at Helga?

—Larry H.  
Hagerstown, Maryland

*There's a shot of the ageless Helga on page 7.*

Let me get right to the point. I've never seen such graceful beauty in *HUSTLER* before Helga appeared as your June '85 centerfold. The first sight of her monumental mammaries, ageless blond bush and creamy legs made me quiver with

(continued on page 14)





**R**aised in a Detroit Catholic ghetto, humorist Jim Schmaltz has been published in various West Coast periodicals and was a staff writer for *Laugh Factory* magazine. He has written for two comedy groups and has performed at the Comedy Store West and Laff Stop in Los Angeles.

As "born again" Christians, we must face adversity with confidence in the Lord and knowledge from the Bible. But rarely is there as difficult a subject as sex, and every Christian needs God's guidance and helping hands through this mysterious and sometimes-frightening act. Indeed, God has an answer for sex, and that answer is no!

Where does sex fit in the life of the born again, and is God part of it? After all, we are made in the image of God, and His place in sex is undeniable. Even the most hardened Atheist is known to scream out God's name at the moment of climax.

★ **WHAT IS SEX?**—Sex is something God created to test our self-control and, as an afterthought, He made it the prerequisite for procreation. That's why it is God's will that we are punished with a screaming child for years after the indulgence of sex. If the parents enjoy the act, God will only allow the product of that union to grow up handicapped or to become a game-show host. Sex is always an act of regret.

★ **CHILDREN AND SEX**—When our children approach us with the question of sex, we must *lie*! Lie, lie and lie some more. Tell them anything to keep their minds from the truth of carnal knowledge, lest they take the hint of sex and experiment on knotholes and pencil sharpeners, or siblings and farm animals (if they live in rural communities).

★ **FIRST SEXUAL URGES**—Original Sin is that we are the result of a disgusting act and must be washed in a baptismal rite after birth. After that it's all downhill as sex begins to permeate the lives of the children of even the most ardent Christian believer. A young Christian woman should feel none of these unhealthy urges unless, like Eve, she is confronted by a large serpent of such magnitude that she cannot resist.

Almost every young born-again boy will feel his first urges upon seeing a picture of Dale Evans, or any number of fine Christian women who wear their hair in a similar fashion. Since this is the type of woman you wish your child to desire, it is advised that this be encouraged. Although it will not be your fault, the child's bedclothes may soon have that starchy consistency from the devil's emission. Soon he will tingle at the sight of any beehive hairdo (something he'll carry into adult life); so the mother should hide her wigs when not in use or else suffer the embarrassment of finding God's little man indulging himself alone, but also with the devil. If this behavior gets out of control, take the child to your minister for corporal realignment.

★ **SEXUAL TEMPTATIONS**—Throughout the Bible, God tells us that the sin of sex begins in the mind and the heart. Men undress women with their eyes, an act as bold and reprehensible as actually doing it. In response, the Bible tells us to tear out our eyes if they commit a sin, or to cut off our hands if they betray us. If a woman so titillates a Christian man that he unclothes her in his mind, he must cast out that mind! In fact, good born-again Christians find it unnecessary to have minds.

★ **SEXUAL DYSFUNCTIONS**—There are terms for sexual perversions that the non-Christian uses in locker rooms or when attending cocktail parties. The Christian need not demean himself by repeating them, but he should know what the devil's up to. Be familiar with them.

First there is a hard-on, or erect penis. Bad hard-ons are called boners and are usually noticeable during lengthy sermons. A good hard-on is called a staff, a biblical term.

Premature ejaculation, or the devil's spit, occurs when a man loses his sexual nectar before the correct time. The result is millions of dead sperm—a tragedy homosexuals are familiar with, but the born-again Christian has more respect for the potential he holds in his staff.



Impotence is a limp penis and the devil at work. God will allow the Christian man any action necessary to rectify this demon softness. This born-again author recommends seeking out a faith healer like Earnest Angley, whose powerful touch always heals the afflicted area. A Christian penis should always be reaching toward God.

Masturbation, or defiling oneself, is a pastime acceptable to heathen Catholics, who teach it in their schools to prepare their priests for lives of celibacy, but a born-again Christian must never touch himself in the groin region, even if it itches.

Fellatio and cunnilingus, known as oral sex, are the Gog and Magog of the sexual experience. Not only are they demeaning, but many people have choked and gone straight to hell. Christian mouths are for preaching, and their tongues are for speaking.

Homosexuality is perhaps the worst perversion. *There are no homosexual Christians.* A potential one should be reminded that in biblical times they were stoned to death. Unlike these heathens, a Christian is concerned only with love and procreation.

★ **PREMARITAL SEX**—The Bible tells us clearly that sex is only tolerated after marriage and solely for the purpose of having children, which still leaves the Christian on shaky ground (or trying to lift car bumpers). There are few things more damnable than the act of love before the sacred vows—an act called premarital sex.

Although premarital sex is forbidden, the born-again male still must court his future mate. He must date only others of the faith, but many non-Christians will lie about their religious convictions to snare the superior born-again man. The male has seen others choose dates, but he must not copy their methods, especially those of Catholic boys who use reflective devices to view female private areas. To determine whether a potential date is born again, the Christian male must force his maleness upon the girl. If she resists by screaming in tongues and striking his genitals with a Bible, she is likely to be one of the saved.

After finding a Christian date, it is up to the male to fill their leisure time with suitable old-fashioned family entertainment. Take her square dancing, watch Christian television with her or take her along when you and the guys go downtown to teach an uppity Negro a lesson. And, of

(continued on page 96)



# Melody makers

ly anyway, we would. And that's the main thing in marriage." Okay, Steven, whatever you say.

**W**ho's the biggest fan of Prince's Purple Rain tour? According to law-enforcement officials, it's Baltimore concert promoter Richard Klotzman. The FBI is investigating the theft of several hundred thousand dollars that Klotzman allegedly bilked out of three Prince promoters. So far, however, no one knows where the unaccounted-for money—or the elusive Klotzman—is hiding. In the meantime, concerned attorneys have filed a \$10.5-million lawsuit against the missing promoter, and sources inform us that if the cash doesn't turn up soon, we'll be hearing more than doves cry. . . .

**A**erosmith's lead singer Steven Tyler admitted that he is a bigamist. The infamous pair of lips stated that the band members "are all married to each other—the main marriage for any of us is the band. If we could fuck each other, which we do musical-

**W**hen we first heard Lone Justice lead singer Maria McKee belting out the then-unsigned band's hard-edged mix of country-western pop and swing in sleazy L.A. beer bars, she sounded like a cross between Janis Joplin and Tammy Wynette. But times have changed and, with critics and record companies bounding on the LJ bandwagon, the sound seems to have become overly produced and devoid of sincere feeling. Their debut album, creatively titled *Lone Justice*, for example, captures just a brief glimpse of the group's former power and passion, but not enough to rise above the lackluster. Ah, for a return to the good old days. . . .

**A**ttention guitar-worshipping acidheads who long for the late, great Jimi Hendrix riffs of old. Randy Hansen and the Band of Gypsies are back! After Gypsies' drummer Buddy Miles was sent back to prison for breaking parole conditions on previous bad-check and grand-theft charges, it looked like curtains for the hard-core Hendrix look- and soundalike ensemble. But Mitch Mitchell, Jimi's original drummer, recently agreed to take Miles's place in the band and carry on the psychedelic legacy.



Photo by Jeffrey Mayer

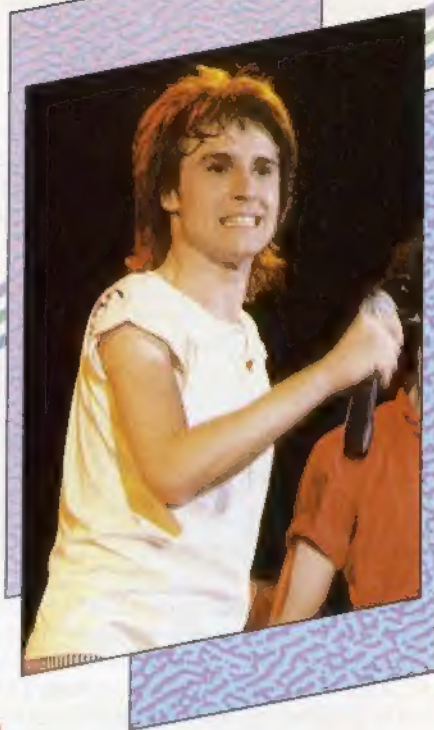


Photo by Jeffrey Mayer



Photo by Jeff Katz



Photo by Jeffrey Mayer





**H**earty congratulations are in order for **Dave Murray** of **Iron Maiden**, who was recently married in Honolulu. According to informed sources, Murray's incredible stag party—complete with fire-breathing bare bimbos—bore similarities to a full-blown bacchanal. The grand finale of the evening came when a young lady stepped onstage with a bucketful of hard-boiled eggs. Pulling the bridegroom's father out of the audience, the mysterious female balanced a cup on the gentleman's head and jammed two eggs up her snatch. She then dettly blasted the cup off from five feet away! When Murray Sr. opened his mouth in amazement, the vaginal sharpshooter shot-gunned the second missile into the father's mouth—who then proceeded to eat it. Hey, make ours sunny-side up!

**H**as ABC lead singer **Martin Frye** gone daft? When the sensual LP *Lexicon of Love* hit the charts a few years ago, these teen heartthrobs presented a suave, classy image. ABC now sports a quirky sound and looks more like a circus freak show than a smooth synth-rock ensemble. Except for band members Frye and **Mark White**, the quartet's been completely revamped and currently includes a male midget in drag and a young lady named Eden who looks like something the cat dragged in. Maybe they should change their name to the Addams Family and stop confusing everyone.

**N**o wonder there's such a rash of immigrants flocking to the U.S. from European countries: According to the Polish rock band **Lady Pank**, recently signed to MCA in America, their homeland is a veritable wasteland for rock 'n' roll. In a recent interview the band disclosed that an average Western black-market album costs \$30. And we're outraged by an \$8.99 list price or \$20 concert tickets!

**I**n true Greta Garbo style, all former Yaz member **Allison Moyet** wants is "to be alone." Since the release of her new solo LP, *Alf*, groupies have begun breaking the windows of her English residence because she won't answer their phone calls! "All I want is a little peace and quiet," says the hefty singer. Moyet may have trouble finding it, considering she's just had her first baby!



**R**ockabilly drummer **Slim Jim Phantom** isn't letting **Rod Stewart** stand between himself and his honey, actress **Britt Ekland**. When asked how he felt about living in the shadow of Ekland's former flame, Phantom insisted there's absolutely no competition between the two. "He's ugly," says the ex-Stray Cat. "He's really ugly."



Ron Keel (left), with fellow RADD supporters

**I**n the wake of tragic auto accidents involving **Motley Crue's Vince Neil** and **Def Leppard's Rick Allen**, sober-minded rock 'n' rollers have formed **Rock Against Drunk Drivers (RADD)**. According to **Keel's Ron Keel**, one of its supporters, it's the latest anti-alcohol program composed of popular rock musicians. "You've got to be responsible when you drive," says Keel. Okay, boys, put away that Jack Daniel's . . .





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# Hot LETTERS

## PEN PALS:

I've been in prison for seven years. Where I'm doing time, they have a family-reunion program—men who are married can utilize these visits to have some hot sex. I'm not married. I came to prison when I was 16; so all of my sex education comes from reading HUSTLER. I envy the married guys; they always come back rubbing it in about how good it was.

Recently I was on a visit, doing the usual—talking to my little brother. He went on about all the hot girls he has, until I made him change the subject. Just then we heard a woman giggling, and I peeked out the window to see who it was. There were a man and woman on the swings in the trailer yard. I'll call them Ronnie and Jane.

We went outside to take a closer look. Ronnie was an older man, in his 40s; I'd never seen him here before. But God, was his wife, Jane, gorgeous! She had black frosted hair, big tits, a big ass and the biggest pair of pussy lips I'd ever seen, bulging through her sweat suit. "Check out the gap on her, George," my brother whispered. We started laughing, but my cock was as hard as the times of 1929.

Ronnie waved and called us over. He was new in the prison; so we bullshitted awhile. I couldn't keep my eyes off Jane. Her face was beautiful—black eyes and an Ultrabrite smile. My hard-on would not subside; so I soon told them we had to go. My brother left in a little while.

A few hours later I was wandering alone through the trailer site. To my surprise, Jane came out and called out to me. There was a tingle in my stomach. I sure wanted to get next to her. I work out a lot and was wearing a nylon tank top; so I was sure she could see that I was in good shape. She licked her glossy lips as I approached, and her eyes ran all over my body. I was sure she could see my hard-on now, but I didn't care.

She asked how old I was, and I told her, "Twenty-four." We said a few more things, and then I knew I had to get away or I would have attacked her right then and there. As I started to walk away, Jane

said, "I think you're a handsome guy. Would you like to make it with me?"

I became numb with panic and began looking around for *Candid Camera*. The next thing I did was ask about her husband. She replied, "My husband lets me do what I want, and I want you." I told her I'd be right there and ran back to my trailer to look in the mirror and see if I was dreaming. I was wide awake.

Jane and Ronnie were drinking coffee in their trailer when I went over a few



minutes later. Ronnie told me not to worry, that he loved his wife and that whatever made her happy was fine with him. He suggested we go into the bedroom to get to know each other better.

As soon as we did, Jane gave me a passionate kiss that left me hot all over. She ran her hand over my stiff cock, and I thought I would come right there. I told Jane I wanted to do all the touching for now. "Start touching," she replied. I peeled off her sweat suit, exposing the loveliest breasts I'd ever seen. Her pussy lips were meaty and inviting beneath a pair of white-silk panties.

I gently placed Jane on the bed and began kissing her from the neck down. I nibbled on her breasts, squeezing them

together tenderly and then running my tongue over her nipples. She moaned as I worked my way down to her stomach, flicking my tongue into her bellybutton. Now Jane was pulling my hair and humping my leg—I could feel her love juices oozing through her panties. My cock was in pain, but I knew I had to wait.

I took Jane's panties off. She opened her legs wide, and I nibbled the inside of her thighs. I then licked the outside of her gigantic pussy lips awhile before pulling them back to work on the inside. I inserted my tongue into her love hole, then pulled it out quickly and tickled her clit. She was screaming with pleasure and gripping my head between her legs. My face was soaking wet. I never knew a woman could come so much.

At last she told me to fuck her. I jumped to it, plunging my eight-inch cock deep into her sweet, hot, tight pussy. Jane was bucking wildly and tearing at me. She grabbed me by the ass and pulled me in her as hard as she could as I shot a load that seemed as if it would never end.

Jane asked me where I'd learned to do the things I'd done to her, but I just smiled. To her surprise, my cock was still hard. She grabbed it and began running her tongue over the head until I almost jumped off the bed. She caressed my balls and began sucking them while stroking my dick at the same time. "I'm gonna come if you keep that up," I told her, but a moment later she pinched my cock head with her fingers and did something to take away the sensations.

"That's the squeeze technique," she told me. She then took my whole prick deep into her warm mouth, moving slowly up and down on it. Her mouth was like a vacuum cleaner, and it wasn't long before I exploded again.

She slurped up the leftovers and was amazed to see that I was still hard. I knew our encounter wouldn't be complete till I'd fucked that inviting asshole of hers, which was fine with Jane. She began thrusting her ass up at me; I kissed it all over and even put my tongue in her anus.

(continued on page 98)



## FEEDBACK

(continued from page 8)

erotic ecstasy. I was instantly jerking off, fantasizing about this voluptuous older woman. Many men may get turned on by Victoria Principal, Lori Anderson or Bo Derek. However, the well-preserved beauty of Helga is much more valuable and exciting to me and my cock, which by the way continues to dream of the day it will explore Helga's inner beauty as well as her sensational body.

—M. L.  
San Francisco, California

I'm fortunate in being a healthy middle-aged man who enjoys an active sex life with women of all ages. In general, however, I find that older women who have taken good care of themselves are my most exciting and satisfying partners. That's why I flipped over Helga, your June '85 HUSTLER Honey. That lovely patch between her beautiful legs is the most exquisite golden fleece since the days of Jason and the Argonaut.

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

I'm an 18-year-old college student from Virginia. I thought Helga was great. I don't care how old she is. She can come down and stay the weekend in my dorm anytime. Tell her that if she ever wants

some young, hard cock rammed into her, I'm available as long as her heart is strong enough to fuck every minute of the day.

Another thing. You're the greatest, Larry. Don't give up on your court battles down here. You know as well as anyone that Jerry Falwell is a tyrant in these parts.

—Name Withheld by Request  
Radford, Virginia

Let me start out by saying that I'm an avid reader of your second-to-none magazine. But I have to complain about your June '85 centerfold, Helga. She looks as if she was just there for the money. To begin with, she has a phony face. She's a fucking morphodite! I hope you didn't pay her much. Give that dipsomaniac another beer! Loosen her up! Whip the living ovaries out of her! Tie her to a bedpost, stick two sugar cubes up each private opening, and let a horse in to retrieve them!! I bet that'll put a more-serious look on her face.

—Buzzy  
Ventura, California

Hey, Buzzy, what's a fucking morphodite?

### BARE-ASS BAR-B-Q:

As a fraternity member at Arizona State University, I must commend you on your bitchin' pictorial *Bare-Ass Bar-B-Q* (May '85). It was real hot to see a couple of studs porking a super-hot bitch! Often,

my fraternity brothers and I engage in similar activities; so it was a real hard-on to see a good-lookin' threesome for a change!

—Greek With Stiff Cock  
Tempe, Arizona

I must compliment you and photographer Clive McLean on the *Bare-Ass Bar-B-Q* photo-feature in your May '85 issue. It's been quite a while since I've viewed a magazine in which a woman let the hair on her pussy grow wild and free.

You should print more pictures of hairy-pussy women. You know the type—the ones who never use razors or Neet.

—J. R.  
San Diego, California

Good news, J. R. Check out next month's HUSTLER, which showcases an uninhibited young lady in all her hairy glory.

### RIDING THE WAVE:

Bravo, HUSTLER!! *Bare-Ass Bar-B-Q* was a scorcher. But *Riding the Wave* (June '85) was the hottest yet! In my opinion, two guys with a gal is the best! I found myself feeling envious of the sexy babe getting those sailors' large anchors.

My man and I equally enjoy seeing cocks in HUSTLER. (We're both bi.) So by all means . . . yes, more pecker. And the bigger the better!

One more thing. How about some really well-hung she-males or a spread with two bisexual couples? That would be the ultimate—seeing a fella guiding another guy's sausage into his woman!

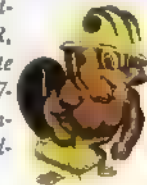
Also, clean-shaven Jessica in the June '85 *Beaver Hunt* looks so yummy, I'd just love to eat her!!

—Jennifer  
Cherry Valley, Illinois

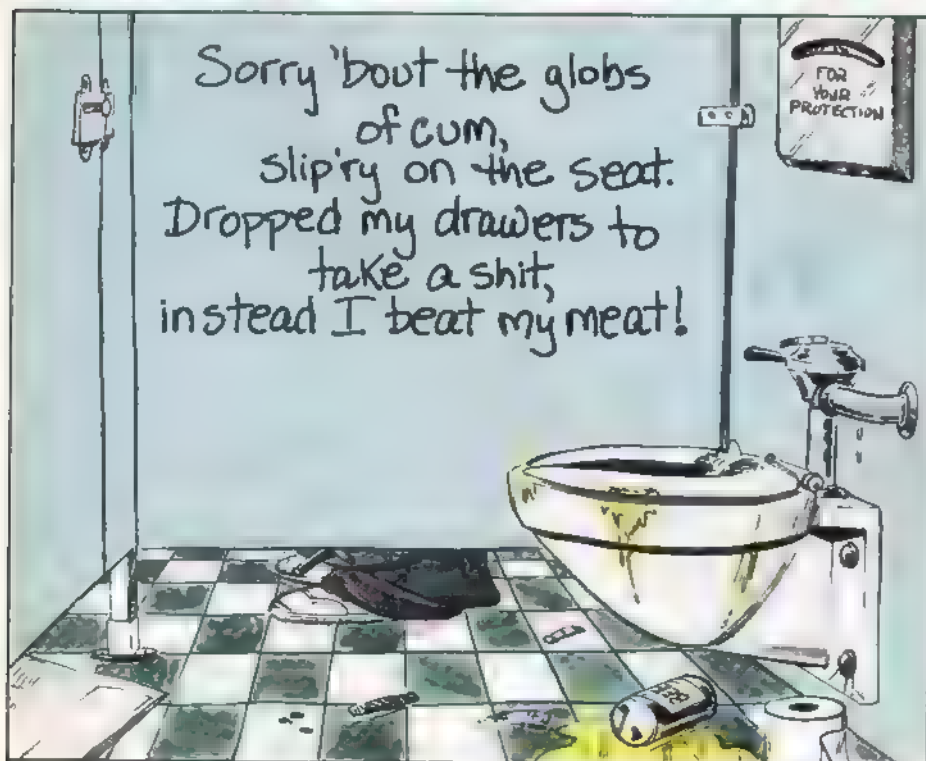
Being one of the able-bodied "semen" onboard a ship out of San Diego, I thoroughly understand the meaning of fraternization. Your June '85 pictorial *Riding the Wave*, featuring a female ensign and two sailors, was incredible. I can't count the nights I've lain awake, dreaming of porking a lady officer. What a treat it would be to bend her over and fuck her up the ass, but the best treat would be squirting my cum all over her face. It's too bad it will never come true though; most lady officers are too busy being fucked by the Navy, much less a seaman.

—H. T. G.  
San Diego, California

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (preferably typed or neatly printed) to *Feedback*, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Include a telephone number if you want your letter considered for publication.



# GRAFFITHY



THANK AND \$50 TO B. BESCOS, VENTURA, CA



# Bits and Pieces

## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

The classic image of a publicity slut is the bleached-blond, big-busted cum-receptacle/starlet who pursues celebrity with the same urgency as someone with acute diarrhea searches for an unoccupied toilet stall. Our August '85 Asshole of the Month, Cathleen Webb, lacks both the physical attributes and the good-natured, I-want-to-be-a-star attitude of the standard media-mad bimbo, but this slimy, pus-oozing anus's bid for attention is every bit as intense. And though Webb, a self-admitted liar, would have the world believe that her intentions are pure, the putrid stench of hypocrisy emanating from this festering fart-hole exposes her actions for what they are: blatant self-promotion at another person's expense.

In 1979 this rotting rectum convinced an Illinois judge and jury that she had been raped by a fellow named Gary Dotson. Six years into Dotson's 25- to 50-year prison sentence, Webb got religion and confessed that she'd lied about the whole

### Cathleen Webb



thing: Not only had Dotson not raped her, but nobody else had either! Webb faked the rape, she said, because she was terrified she might be pregnant by a boyfriend. She was afraid to admit to her foster family that she'd been fucking around. She wasn't afraid, however, to fuck over a total stranger.

When Webb finally got around to admitting that she

had knowingly sent an innocent man to the slammer, it wasn't enough to simply contact the authorities to tell them she'd lied. No. Born-again bunghole Webb made sure that her repentance was well-publicized. Thanks to the three commercial television networks, the Public Broadcasting System, cable TV and interviews in newspapers and na-

tional magazines, Webb's crocodile tears dripped into the nation's living rooms like the poisonous discharge of untreated gonorrhea.

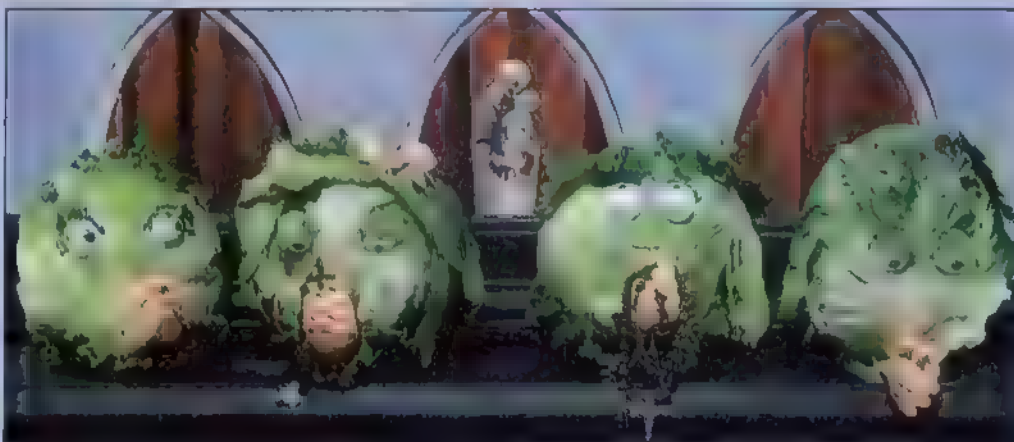
We can't argue with people's applauding Webb for telling the truth. We hope that other false accusers will recant their lies as well. But what pisses us off is this self-centered sphincter's attempt to avoid responsibility for stealing six years from a man's life by asserting—with logic only a shut-brained, money-grubbing television evangelist could follow—that God "has allowed Gary Dotson to go through this for some reason we don't know."

This smug, self-deceptive reasoning is a favorite of Bible-beaters who justify the suffering of others—no matter how clear-cut the cause—by calling it God's will. Don't be surprised if some "God's will" book and TV movie-of-the-week deals result from Webb's parasitic fame.

No matter how you look at it, this awful Asshole is *still* screwing Gary Dotson. Cathleen Webb makes us want to puke

### Lettuce Pray

**O** Lord, we beseech Thee, deliver us from salad. . . . They may be earthbound vegetables, but these incurable romainetics have their heads in the clouds. Although they aren't into dressing for church, the leafy congregation still maintains some shreds of dignity.







## Porn from the Past



Send your filthy old photos to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. We pay \$150 for any we use. Enclose a SASE if you want your pictures returned.

## They're Game

**B**irds do it; bees do it; baby goats and turkeys do it. . . . There must be an aphrodisiac in the animal feed this year; we've gotten a slew of photographs showing how wild the wildlife is getting. Well, how are you gonna keep 'em down on the farm? . . .



## War Is Hell

**I**t's not often that a photographic image really jolts our jaded minds. This shot, however, culled from the Italian magazine *Epoca*, honestly threw us. These are preserved

deformed fetuses housed in a hospital in Vietnam's Ho Chi Minh City. Supposedly the result of Agent Orange contamination, these unborn dead are a grim reminder of one of history's greatest tragedies—and America's greatest embarrassment.

Photo by Larry Downing





## Ads We'd Like to See

**W**ho are you gonna turn to for the really tough jobs? *Bawdy*, of course, the paper towel that cleans up messes ranging from dropped eggs to nuclear-mutated-lumberjack jism. Just call on *Bawdy* for those unexpected spills, but do keep your window shut



## How's Your Sex Drive?

**J**ust fine, thanks. This classy little number is built for speed with a well-modeled chassis, 4 on the floor, and excellent headlights. She's seen some mileage, but she'll still outperform the average bimbo on wheels.

## It's Howdy Falwell Time!

**H**ey, boys, girls, right-wing fanatics and abortion-clinic terrorists, it's that time again. Here's your favorite megaloma-

niac evangelist with a plan that'll have every one of you on someone's string. "Hey, Buffalo Ronnie, whose civil rights are we going to trample on today?"



**HOWDY  
FALWELL**



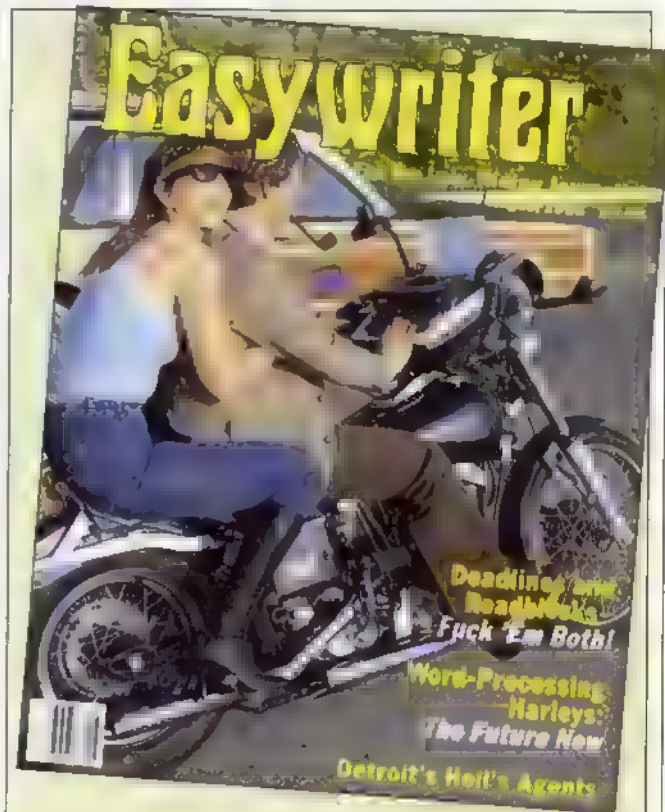


## String Bikini

**W**e don't normally become entwined in fashion forecasts, but the newest rage from France should easily make the cover of *Sports Illustrated's* swimsuit issue. Not for the modest, this string bikini will have a lot of male beachgoers coming unraveled.

## Words on Wheels

**A**dventurous authors who crave something more than a mid-size Chevrolet and 2.5 kids now have a publication they can really relate to. *Easywriter* is for the bookish biker who feels equally at home with a sissy bar behind him as he does with a wet bar in front of him. Peter Fonda, get out your liquid paper.



## Sheep Thrills

**E**ven *The Old Farmer's Almanac* has finally awakened to the age of sexual freedom, its '85 edition contains surprisingly frank advice on how a young farmboy can

satisfy those urges. Not that the *Almanac* is limited to woolgathering—other chapters contain valuable insights on “making your partner squeal and leaving her bacon for more.”

## Most Tasteless Cartoon







# Sex News Bits

FINAL

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

August 1985

## Decisions, Decisions

Escondido, CA—According to Robert Graham, founder of the Repository of Germinal Choice, women would rather receive sperm from a young athlete than from a mature genius. Women in Graham's artificial-insemination program seldom choose sperm from Nobel Prize-winning donors, opting instead for that of a former Olympic gold medalist. "I guess women always pick younger men if they get a choice," says Graham, 78.

## Turning the Tide

Tehran, Iran—In a very small step toward loosening the rigid male-female barriers in this country, the Ayatollah Khomeini has finally given his approval for men

and women to wash their clothes in the same machine at the same time. What, no chaperon?

## Housebreaking Hoser

Charleston, SC—A frightened young woman led Charleston County police to a snoozing burglar with an unusual preference in sleepwear. According to reports, the lady knew something was wrong when she returned home to find the lights on in her apartment and an open can of beer on a coffee table. Investigating officers discovered a window broken in and Odell Carson Hooks, 22, asleep in the woman's bed. Police said Hooks "had removed all of his clothing and was wearing only a pair of the woman's pantyhose." We suspect Hooks was drinking *light* beer.

## Homeless Hookers

Paris, France—Claiming that the local government is forcing them out of their workplaces, 60 prostitutes protested outside the offices of French Premier Laurent Fabius. The ladies are incensed by Paris city official Alain Dumait, who's asked police to board up the apartments where the women entertain their clients. "Prostitution is a fundamental liberty," said Dumait. "But I just want to get rid of all the riffraff that accompanies it."

## What Would Mao Say?

Shanghai, China—Now that nude modeling is no longer forbidden, at least 1,000 young men and women have applied for 20 modeling positions at the Shanghai

Institute of Drama and Art School. Applicants were attracted by the relatively high pay—\$1750 a month! One elderly gentleman accompanying his daughter said, "It's approved by the government. What do I have to worry about?"

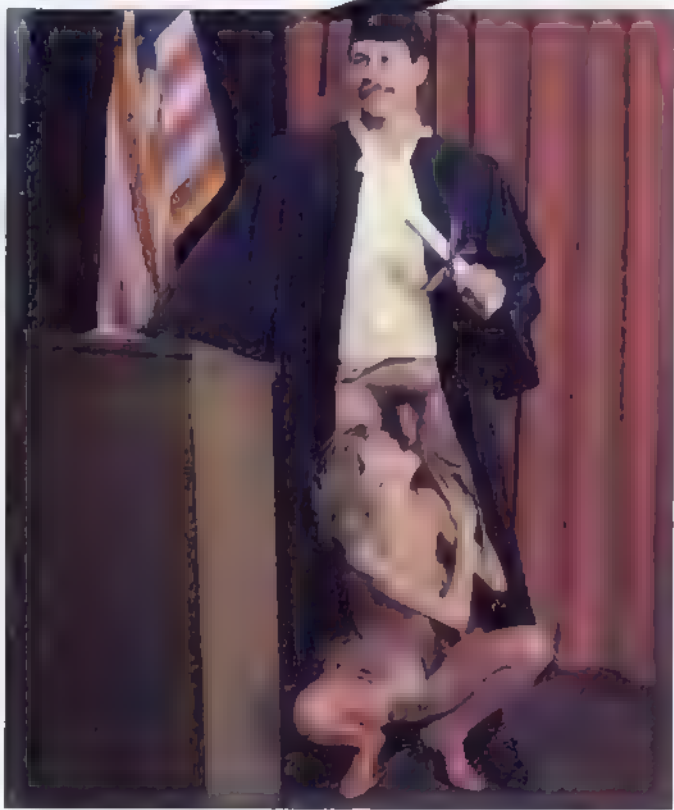
## Chop for Charity

Duncanville, TX—PTA officials in this Dallas suburb have hit upon the perfect answer to classroom overcrowding—sterilization! A preschool charity auction is offering a \$500 vasectomy, donated by a urologist, to the highest bidder. Officials are taking sealed bids and will withhold the name of the winner. "We don't pick and choose when something is offered to us," said Lynn Scruggs, auction cochairman.

## Under a Graduate

More young people might be enticed into going to college if they were promised a little dip with their diplomas. Slutty grad

groupies would ensure that all those rising to the ranks of alumni leave school *magna cum loudly*. They'll learn soon enough that the real world sucks.



## Southern Fried Crush Puppies

Foiks down home have a new way of cutting down food costs. They're turning once-useless road meat into

a tasty main course. "I loves my Crush Puppies!" Junior exclaims. Rover may not fetch anymore, but he does provide a number of daily minimum-nutritional requirements.

## Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for each reader-submitted Bits and Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynn Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For August \$150 goes to Vern Masepohl and Kenneth E. Strittmatter. HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred.



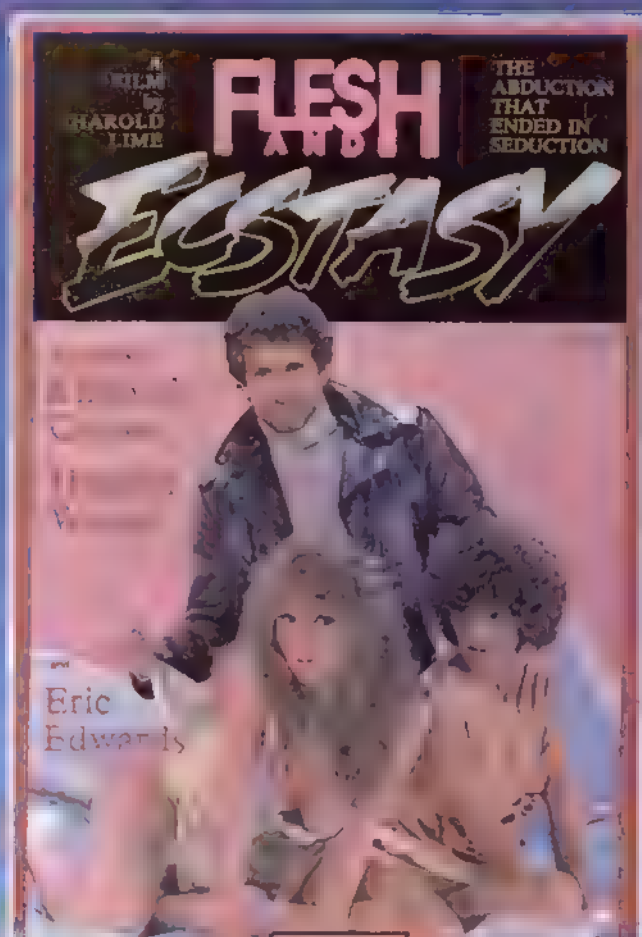
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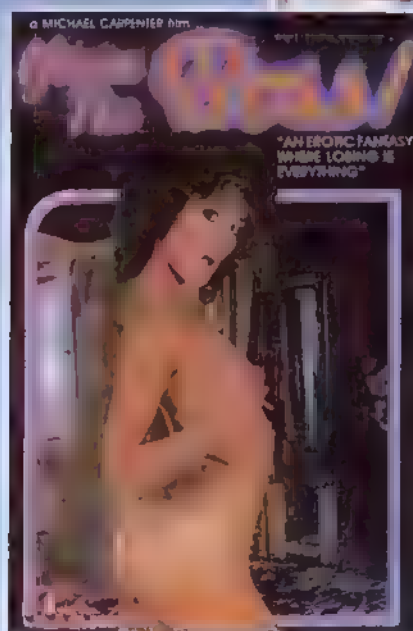
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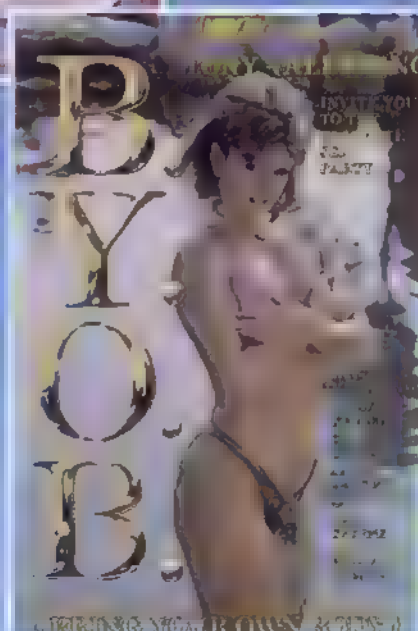
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# EROTIC HUSTLER

## Entertainment

### X-RATED FILMS, FUCK TAPES AND MORE

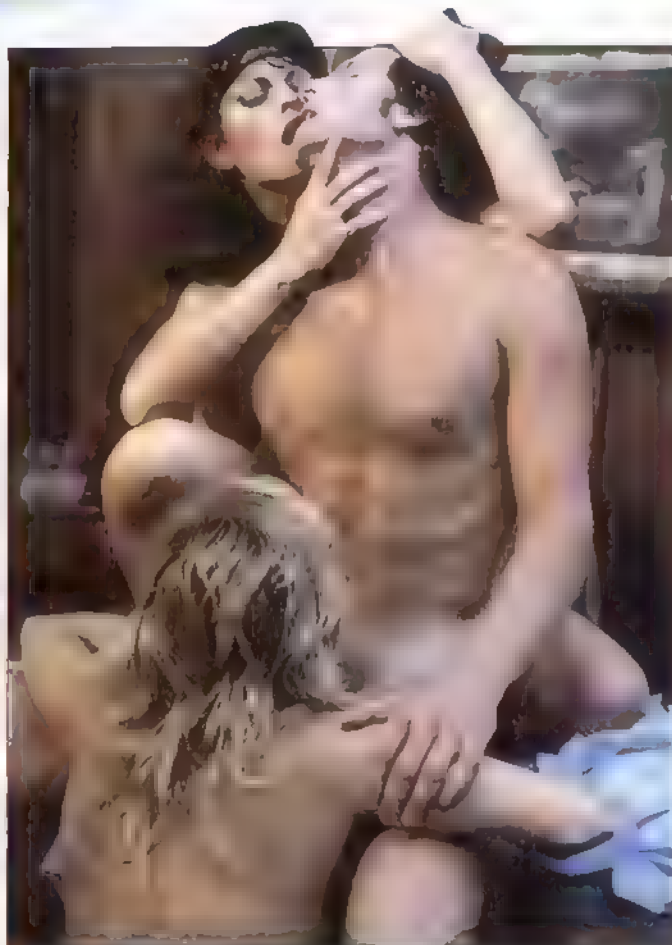
## X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Doug Oliver

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions

### Jailhouse Girls

*Three-Quarters Erect*. Produced by James George, written by Rick Marx; directed by Henri Pachard, starring Ginger Lynn, Raven, Kristara Barrington, Kelly Nichols, Chelsea Blake, George Payne, Tanya Rae, Joey Silvera, Paul Thomas, Frank Serrone, Dick Howard and Jerry Abel. Running time. 80 minutes



*Jailhouse*. Ginger Lynn and Kelly Nichols blow their way out of the slammer

Far from the 80 minutes of sapphic slammer-sex its title suggests, *Jailhouse Girls* is an indictment of a penal system in which brutality and inhumanity appear to be prerequisites for employment. *Jailhouse* follows the misfortunes of a would-be model (Ginger Lynn) who is wrongly convicted of prostitution. Raped by the officer (Joey Silvera)

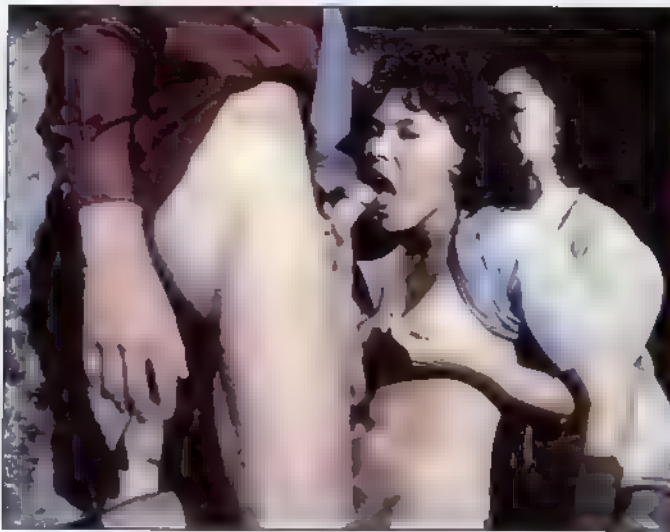


Bad and beautiful Raven shows Ginger Lynn a good time in '*Jailhouse*.'

transporting her to prison, Lynn is further humiliated on her arrival by a female guard (Chelsea Blake) who strip-searches her and sprays her with disinfectant, all the while complaining to a colleague (George Payne) about job conditions and overtime

Lynn's cellmates are tough





'Jailhouse': Kristara Barrington gets a bitter taste of the penal system

loner Kelly Nichols, Kristara Barrington—who is secretly having an affair with a guard (Frank Serrone)—and Raven. Friendly Raven is the cellblock snitch. When she rats on Barrington for fucking a guard—although she couldn't see which one—Barrington gets sent to solitary for a week. And when Raven reports to the warden (Paul Thomas) that despite everything she's tried—including a sizzling pussy-bump—Lynn won't become a stoolie for



Succulent Taija Rae lends her considerable talents to 'Jailhouse Girls.'

him. Thomas turns Lynn over to psycho Payne as punishment. Raven never gets paid back, but Payne and Thomas do, and the happy ending finds Lynn, Nichols and Barrington—aided by Serrone—making a break for freedom.

Plot flaws—especially the final escape, which though exciting is pretty unbelievable—and some emotionally, if not physically, brutal sex may turn some people off. But the film's incisive treatment of its subject, superbly claustrophobic atmosphere, good dialogue and pace, above-average acting and steamy sex (particularly the Barrington/Serrone and Lynn/Raven encounters) compensate for its liabilities. —D. O.

## Inside Little Oral Annie

*Half Erect. Produced by Howard A. Howard; written by Little Oral Annie; directed by Kenneth Morse, starring Little Oral Annie, Carol Cross, Klaus Multa, Taija Rae, George Payne, Bobby Astyr, Michael Knight, Alan Adrian, Cara Lott and Anne Cummings. Running time: 83 minutes.*

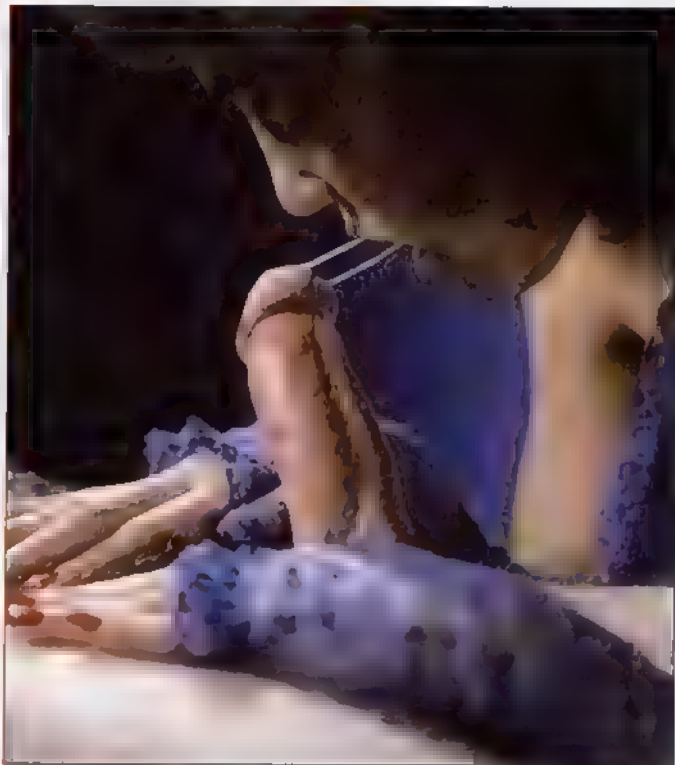
Picture this: Luscious ruby lips engulf a throbbing cock head. Slowly, slowly, inch by inch they slide down the eight-inch penis. When at last they reach the base, the lips part, and the tongue glides in and out of the mouth, wetly caressing the shaft and—incidentally—lapping the balls. The prick could belong to anyone. The mouth could belong to only one person—Little Oral Annie. If there was ever any doubt about Annie's being the High Priestess of Bone-Gulping, this film will lay it to rest. After seeing the oral

wonder in action, there won't be a red-blooded male in the country whose dick wouldn't want to call that bottomless throat its home.

Though pork-sword swallowing is Annie's major talent, it isn't her only one, as this wonderfully smutty film demonstrates. In one episode Annie and Anne Cummings play hide-the-dildo with a double-dong that snakes its way

bimbo *supremo* Cara Lott, plunging it in and out like a wet prick. But no matter how adept she is at fudge-packing or pussy-poking, Annie just isn't Annie unless there's a dick in her face.

Unfortunately, the filmmakers devote more time to Annie getting balled by an assortment of studs than to Annie gobbling their cocks. The few sequences that do show Annie sucking her



'Inside': Annie coaxes pleasure from a turgid member of her fan club

deeper and deeper into their twats as the squirming girls press closer and closer together. In another she displays her affinity for anal action when she gets butt-fucked by George Payne. And in the final segment Annie looses her magic tongue on the pussy of

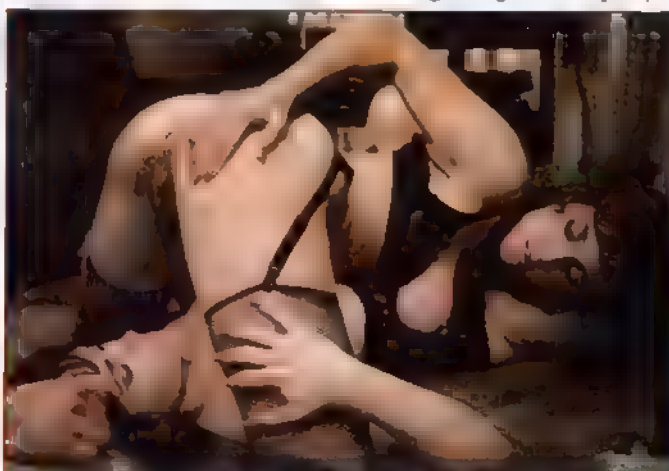
pals to paradise are riveting, but not enough to keep this from being just another "Inside" flick. —D. O.

## Burlexxx

*Half Erect. Produced and directed by Vincent Benedetti; written by Marc Roberts; starring George Payne, Carol Cross, Chelsea Blake, Ron Jeremy, Joanna Storm, Annette Hemz, R. Bolla, Bobby Astyr, Sharon Kane, Honey Wilder, Jerry Butler, Dick Howard, Renee Summers, Honeysuckle Rose, Samantha Fox, Dixie Dew and Jose Duval. Running time: 85 minutes.*

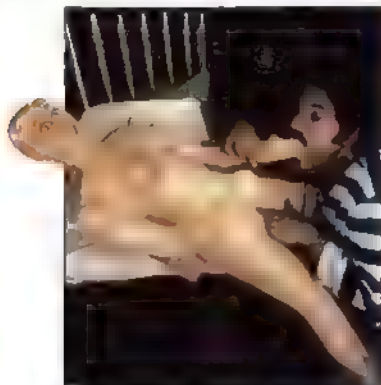
*Burlexxx* combines the elements of a burlesque show—raunchy jokes, double-entendre humor, skits and strippers—with the basics of hard-core films. The result could be classified as a sort of *Hee-Haw* with blowjobs.

Emcee Ron Jeremy introduces skits and performers with a non-stop barrage of jokes ("My dick is



Girls, boys and toys all find their way 'Inside Little Oral Annie.'





Ron Jeremy's passive partner in this 'Burlxxxx' skit just can't say no

three inches . . . from the floor") and patter. The skits—most of which feature sex—are interspersed with striptease routines. These range from the sexy and beguiling turns by Joanna Storm and Samantha Fox to the bawdy performance by Dixie Dew, a blowsy burlesque queen who strips, bathes in a giant champagne glass and finishes her act by sliding a rod-shaped lollipop in and out of her cunt. ("I'm told I have the only pussy in town that'll give you cavities.")

Among *Burlxxxx's* other oddities are a cock fight between Ron Jeremy and Bobby Astyr (literally—they battle it out with their schlongs), and Honeysuckle Rose, a well-stacked stripper who turns out to be a she-male. In a subsequent "doctor" skit Renee Summers sucks the bosomy Rose's dick and slips it into her snatch once it's achieved he-man proportions.

During the show two horny audience members (George Payne and Carol Cross) take advantage of opportunities to get their



Fighting femmes forget their feud for a round with the ref in 'Burlxxxx'

rocks off. Payne fucks Storm in her dressing room and usherette Chelsea Blake in a toilet stall. Cross makes it with the show's drummer (Dick Howard) right in the audience—surrounded by leer-

ing, photo-snapping theatergoers.

Although it presents no stunning technical achievements, *Burlxxxx* is a good-natured look at what a hard-core burlesque show might have to offer. The girls are pretty, most of the skits are enjoyable, and the jokes aren't all that bad. The major drawback is the sex—there's a lot of it, but much of the in-and-out is too brief for us to really get involved in the action.

—D. O.



## Bordello

*Totally Limp.* Produced by Chuck Vincent and Essex Distributing; written by Chuck Vincent and Sam Schad; directed by Chuck Vincent; starring Norris O'Neal, Jerry Butler, Tish Ambrose, Tajia Rae, Amber Lynn, Bobby Spector, Scott Baker, Buck Adams, De-Ahna, Stephen Lokwood, Marita Ekberg, Paul Thomas, Jay Serling and David Christopher. Running time: 84



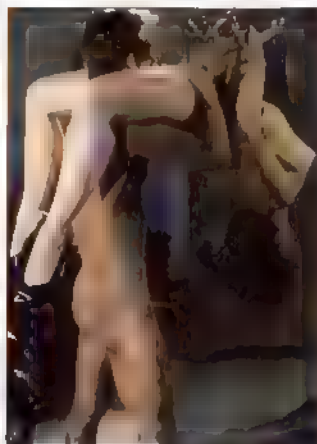
Even these two hot sequences can't take the bore out of 'Bordello.'

minutes.

This is one of those films that never should have gotten beyond the story-conference stage. The idea of a conglomerate owning a whorehouse and sending a management expert to the premises to whip it into shape so it will generate more profits is intriguing—for about ten minutes. Not surprisingly, so is *Bordello*.

On the surface it looks good. It features a cast of 34 (large by porn standards . . . although only 12 performers engage in sex or what passes for sex), lush photography and good performances. But the story is insultingly stupid and utterly predictable—you know what the characters are going to do and say before they do. Scenes that could inject some life into this celluloid cliché are either overlooked or ineptly han-

dled. For example, one of the prostitutes (De-Ahna), unhappy with the changes being made by the corporate manager (Stephen Lokwood), lures him into the new De Sade Room on the pretense of having sex. Shackling his hands to an overhead pipe, she slaps a wig and some women's garments on him and then sends in some guys who had been asking earlier for some truly kinky sex. And that's it. We never find out how Lokwood gets out of his



predicament, whether the two bruisers believe he's not actually a drag queen looking for some unusual thrills, or if they just fuck him anyway. The joke—so carefully set up—is simply dropped. The next time we see Lokwood, he's going about his business as if nothing had happened. *Bordello* is full of copouts like this.

As for the sex, there's only one scene of any particular interest—a very athletic fuck between Tajia Rae and Buck Adams. The remaining two or three scenes are snore city.

*Bordello*, desperately seeking a couples audience, tries so hard to be inoffensive that it offends. It looks as if the producers wanted a movie that was heavy on romance and story; they got a movie that's heavy on boredom.

—D. O.



## ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood or available on videocassettes.

### Fully Erect

Every Woman Has a Fantasy  
Firestorm  
Great Sex Expectations  
Insatiable II  
New Wave Hookers  
Professional Janine  
Spitfire  
Suzie Superstar

### Three-Quarters Erect

Dirty Girls  
Erotic Radio WSEX  
Girls on Fire  
Go for It  
Matinee Idol  
Never Sleep Alone  
Night Magic  
Public Affairs  
Pussycat Galore  
Sex Spa U.S.A.  
Stiff Competition  
The Grafenberg Spot  
Throat . . . 12 Years After  
Too Naughty to Say No  
Trinity Brown  
Viva Vanessa—The Undresser

### Half Erect

All the Way In  
Beverly Hills Exposed  
First Time at Cherry High  
Good Girl Bad Girl  
Hostage Girls  
Illusions of Ecstasy  
Inflamed  
Kinky Business  
Raw Talent  
Sexdance Fever  
The Pink Lagoon  
The Pleasure Hunt  
Up! Up! and Away!

### One-Quarter Erect

An Unnatural Act  
L'Amour  
Sweet Young Foxes  
Tower of Power

### Totally Limp

A Bit Too Much Too Soon  
Bodacious Ta Ta's

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

## RATING GUIDE

- FULLY ERECT**  
Superior. A top production.
- THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**  
A well-made film.
- HALF ERECT**  
So-so. Limited appeal.
- ONE-QUARTER ERECT**  
Poor. Don't expect much.
- TOTALLY LIMP**  
A waste of time and money.



# HUSTLER®

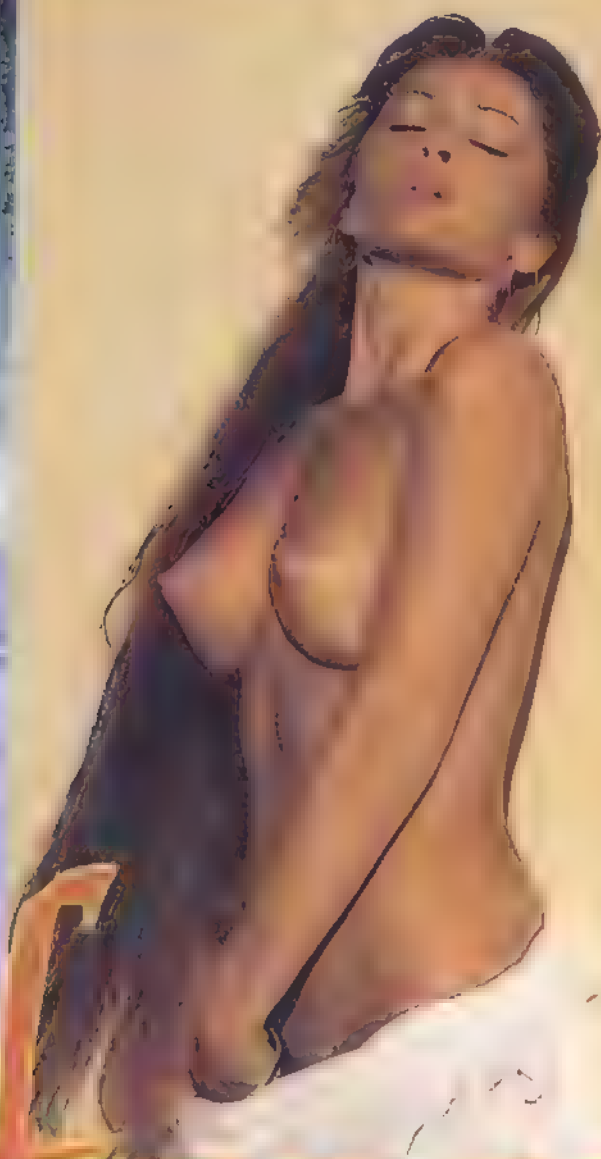
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# HUSTLER®

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FRANCE  
SUN SPOTS





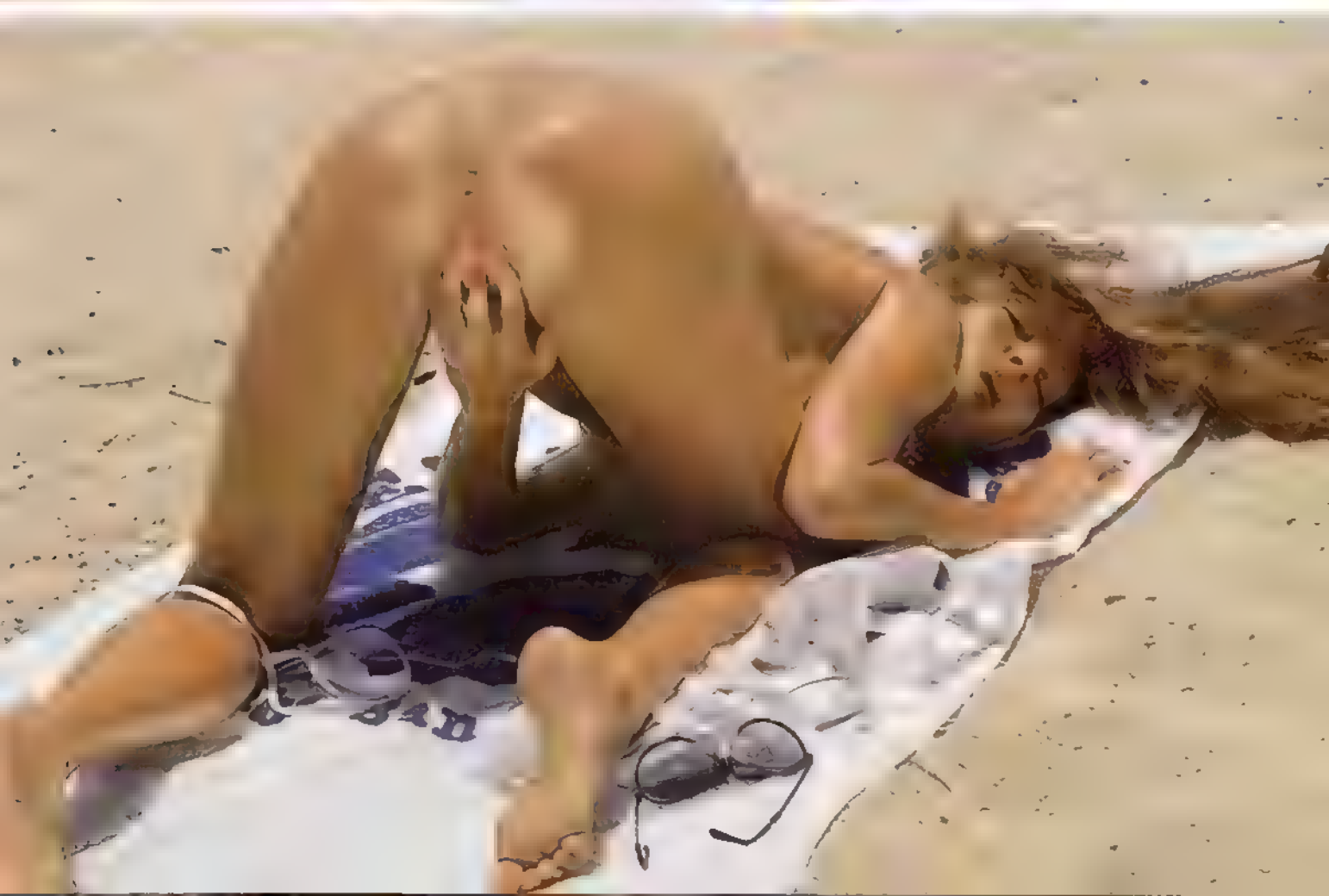
















Fun-loving Frances lives for the sun. "The heat turns me on," our tan treat smiles. "And of course I love being outdoors in general. My parents never knew what I was doing alone in the woods whenever we went camping. They must have thought I was communing with nature or something. Actually, I was communing with myself—I loved masturbating on a bed of leaves. My folks couldn't figure out why my crotch was so wet when I came back. I always told them I'd sat in a puddle!"

As she grew up, Frances continued to treat the world as her bedroom. "I had my first lover under the stars in the desert behind a trailer park. It was beautiful being out in the open, but still close enough to civilization for me to hear the sounds of *Family Feud* coming from the nearest mobile home. To this day I still get horny whenever I hear Richard Dawson's voice." With her racy sense of humor and gorgeous body, Frances should get by just fine, doing what comes naturally.







# REAGAN and the MOB

Expose by Murray Waas

On August 27, 1980, Ronald Reagan, then the Republican nominee for the United States Presidency, made what would seem to be a routine campaign appearance in Columbus, Ohio. His audience that day was the Ohio Conference of Teamsters.

At the time, Reagan was in what appeared to be—at least *then*—a close race with incumbent President Jimmy Carter. One major obstacle standing in



## REAGAN AND THE MOB (continued from page 35)

*Reagan has not been averse to dealing with men who have Mob ties when it is politically advantageous.*

Reagan's way, his senior advisers thought during the campaign, was the fact that Carter had lined up endorsements from most of the nation's large labor unions. Only the allegiance of the Mob-dominated, 1.4-million-member Teamsters Union was still up for grabs.

Carter and Reagan were both invited to address Teamster gatherings. Carter refused to do so on the grounds that it would be giving tacit support to its illegal activities and its partnership with organized crime.

Ronald Reagan, on the other hand, was only too happy to seek an alliance with the influential Teamsters Union.

Unknown to the press and the public, just prior to Reagan's addressing the Ohio Teamsters the Presidential hopeful met secretly with three senior Teamster officials: Roy Williams, Jackie Presser and William Presser.

Williams—then president of Teamsters Local 41 of Kansas City and an international vice-president of the national union—was clearly one of the most powerful officials in the union hierarchy. Less than a year after the private meeting with

Reagan—on May 6, 1981—Williams became president of the Teamsters Union.

According to a secret Justice Department memorandum prepared in 1974, Williams "was under the complete domination of [Nick] Civella," the head of Kansas City's powerful Mob family. The memo added: "Williams will not act contrary to the wishes of Civella apparently because of both self-interest and fear." Indeed, Williams probably would not have become head of the Kansas City local and later national president without Civella's help: Williams had originally become head of Local 41 in 1964 after his chief opponent, Floyd Hayes, was murdered gangland style on orders from, law-enforcement officials would learn, Nick Civella.

The second senior Teamster official at the meeting was Jackie Presser, who became president of the Teamsters Union on April Fool's Day 1983, when Roy Williams stepped down after being convicted on federal charges of conspiracy to bribe former Senator Howard Cannon (D-Nevada). The Justice Department is currently reviewing a recommendation by its

Cleveland Organized Crime Strike Force to indict Presser (profiled in the February '85 HUSTLER) on charges that he defrauded the Cleveland local by authorizing the payment of more than \$250,000 to four ghost employees. Presser's uncle, Alan Friedman, has already been convicted on charges of embezzlement for his role in collecting \$160,000 as one of the alleged ghost employees.

The third senior Teamsters Union official at the private meeting was the late William Presser, Jackie's father. For years the elder Presser was the most powerful Teamster in Ohio, as well as international vice-president. Presser hired so many mobsters for the Teamsters locals he controlled that a Labor Department memo described his Ohio Joint Council as a "Who's Who of Organized Crime in Northern Ohio." Among those on Presser's payroll were men convicted on charges of white slavery, burglary, robbery and first-degree murder. William Presser's close association with such mobsters would be a tradition his son Jackie would carry on.

It is unknown what Ronald Reagan, Roy Williams, and Jackie and William Presser discussed during their 1980 conclave. The White House refuses to comment, as do Teamster officials. Although the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* carried lengthy accounts of Reagan's speech to the Teamsters that day, neither paper had any inkling that a private meeting had ever taken place.

Even more disturbing is the fact that Jackie Presser, interviewed shortly after the meeting, denied that Roy Williams had even attended.

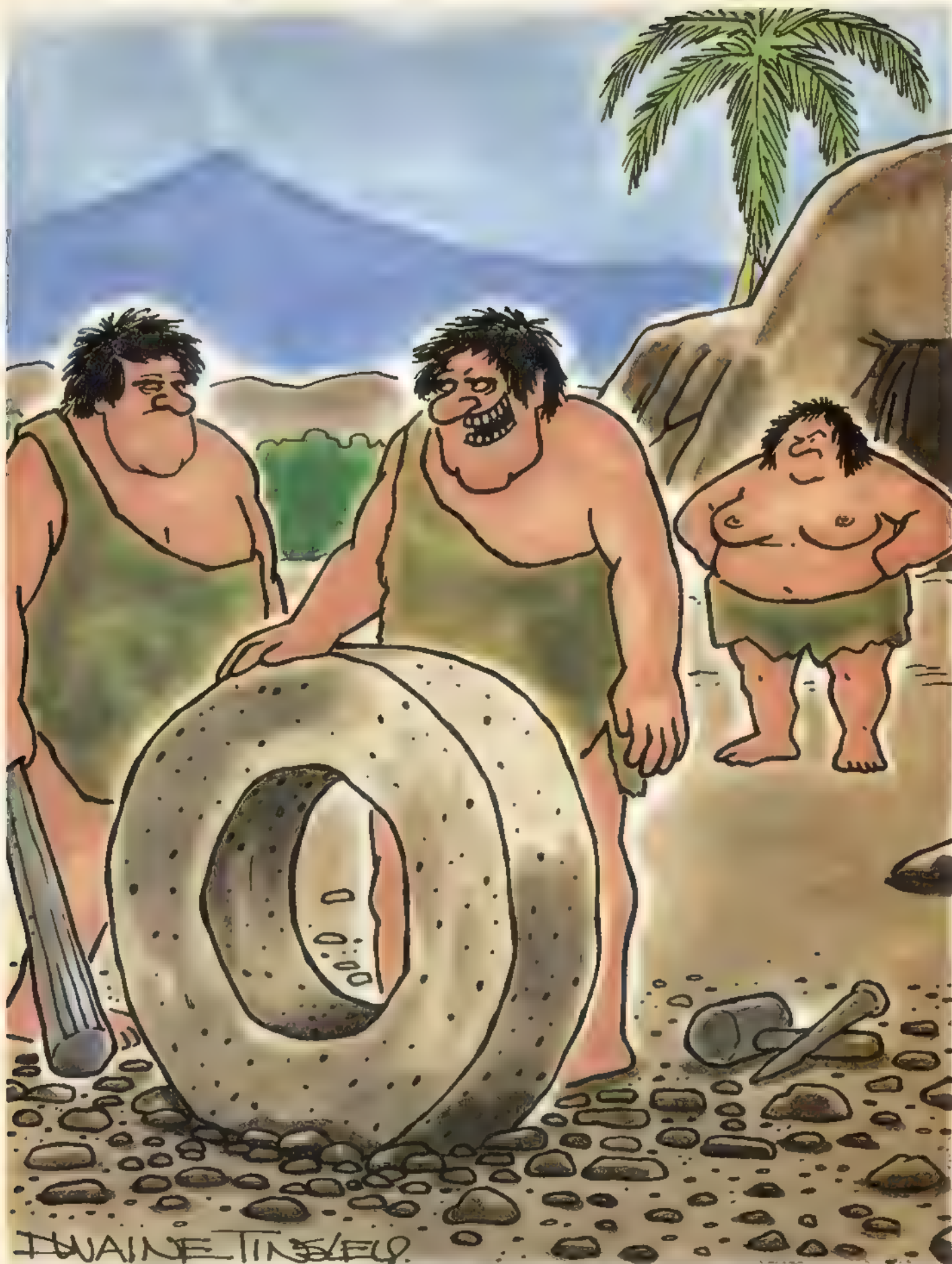
"I don't know where you're getting your information from," Presser told HUSTLER. "Roy Williams was not in Columbus at the same time the President was." Presser said that Williams was in Columbus the same day Reagan was there, but that he left before Reagan's arrival. "He flew in from Washington, conducted some business here and then left before Reagan got here." Presser also said that Williams was in Washington the previous day, "testifying before Congress on the National Freight Agreement."

In fact, Williams had been subpoenaed to face a Senate subcommittee the day before his meeting with Reagan to answer questions about his alleged ties to organized crime. A transcript shows that Williams took the Fifth Amendment on all 23 of the panel's questions.

Williams was also the subject of a federal grand-jury investigation at the time of his meeting with Reagan. On August 26 Williams told the Senate subcommittee why he insisted on taking the Fifth: "I am aware of the purpose of this committee," he told the senators. "However, as







*"I call it a wheel. Got the idea from looking at my wife's asshole!"*

## REAGAN AND THE MOB (continued from page 36)

*The President's intimate relationship with corrupt Teamster officials is only the tip of the iceberg.*

you are no doubt aware, I am presently under investigation by the U.S. Department of Justice with respect to several grand juries."

After the August 27, 1980, meeting between Reagan and top Teamster officials, the union endorsed his candidacy—by far the most important labor group to do so. The meeting shows that Reagan has not been averse to dealing with men who have close Mob ties when it is politically advantageous for him to do so.

But the President's intimate relationship with corrupt Teamster officials is only the tip of the iceberg. Various Administration officials and members of his inner circle also have had close ties to Mob figures.

★ One of the President's closest friends and advisers is Senator Paul Laxalt (R-Nevada). As his state's senior senator, general chairman of the Republican Party and former chairman of the President's reelection committee, Laxalt has become an extremely powerful man on Capitol Hill. In addition, he has maintained relationships over the years with

some of the nation's most powerful organized-crime figures.

In 1966, for example, Laxalt successfully ran for governor of Nevada. One of his key fund-raisers was Ruby Kolod, a known Mob figure, who less than a year earlier had been convicted of extorting more than \$78,000 from a Denver businessman.

Laxalt has also received more than \$50,000 in campaign contributions from organized-crime figures during his past two Senate campaigns. Laxalt received \$3,500 from the late Nevada casino operator Sidney Wyman, a onetime business partner of Bugsy Siegel. Another Nevada casino owner, Benny Binion, who law-enforcement officials say had Mob connections in Las Vegas and Dallas, contributed an additional \$3,500 to one of Laxalt's Senate campaigns.

Still another contributor—to the tune of \$7,000—was Alan Glick, who law-enforcement officials have charged with fronting for Mob interests in his ownership of the Stardust and Fremont casinos. Nevada gaming officials discovered that with Glick at the helm of the two estab-

lishments a massive \$7-million-a-year skimming operation had taken place on behalf of the Mob.

Glick was ordered to sell the Stardust and Fremont after the skimming was exposed. The new owners were Alan Sachs and Herbert Tobman. In 1982 the FBI charged that they too were "figureheads for the Chicago La Cosa Nostra, responsible for providing skim monies to the Mob from their casinos." According to Federal Election Commission records, Sachs and Tobman have made \$7,000 in campaign contributions to Paul Laxalt.

The senator's most disturbing relationship with an organized-crime figure involved Sidney Korshak. In 1976 the *New York Times* described Korshak as "the most important link between organized crime and legitimate business... a new kind of intermediary who is able to deal with organized crime at the highest echelons of legitimate business."

The relationship between Laxalt and Korshak was first revealed in the January 30, 1984, issue of *REBEL Magazine*. In 1971 Laxalt and his brother, Micki, decided to build a casino-hotel, the Ormsby House, in Carson City, Nevada. The Laxalt brothers put up only \$1,851 of their own money to finance the 200-room establishment. Providing a \$475,000 loan and a \$75,000 capital investment was Bernard Nemerov, an associate of Korshak's and the late Teamsters Union President Jimmy Hoffa.

When the Ormsby House was facing near bankruptcy in mid-1973, Laxalt turned to a close friend, businessman Delbert Coleman, for help. Coleman, in turn, called on a mutual acquaintance of both himself and Senator Laxalt: Sidney Korshak. The result was an unsecured \$950,000 loan, which was arranged by Korshak, to Laxalt and his casino from the First National Bank of Chicago. Later the bank would make additional, larger loans to the Ormsby House. All in all the loans eventually totaled more than \$10 million. Thus, Paul Laxalt—close friend and confidant of the President of the United States—would become eternally grateful to one of the most powerful men in the American underworld.

As a public official, Paul Laxalt has done things that have benefited organized-crime figures. During the Nixon Administration Laxalt lobbied to have Jimmy Hoffa released from prison. He lobbied officials at the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) to end a stock-fraud investigation in which Delbert Coleman and Sidney Korshak would be charged with conducting illegal activities. And more recently he has lobbied Justice Department officials, the attorney general and President Reagan himself to curb

*(continued on page 48)*







"Cautiously . . . Indy entered the Temple of Doom!"



Photography by Matti Klatt





# 2 of a KIND

















**C**ome on in," Megan whispers, "the water's fine." In moments the two bathing beauties are locked in an amorous embrace. Rose's soap-slippery nipples rise at the tender touch of her lover's lips. The warm water washing over their writhing bodies makes their mutual pleasure almost unbearably intense. Each probing thrust of finger or tongue brings the young women closer to ecstasy, until finally their passion is spent. Sprawled across the wet tiles, Rose smiles with anticipation. "It's about time for a shower now," she giggles.



## REAGAN AND THE MOB (continued from page 38)

*The head of the CIA's Covert Operations Division was forced to resign after being accused of financial fraud.*

investigations of the Mob's infiltration of Nevada's gaming industry.

The vast majority of the American people will not learn of Laxalt's criminal ties. In September 1984 Laxalt sued the *Sacramento Bee* after the newspaper published allegations that Mob interests skimmed the take from the Ormsby House. A short time later ABC News and CBS's *60 Minutes* canceled planned broadcasts about the senator's ties to organized crime.

★ Another of the President's closest advisers is William Casey, who ran Reagan's first Presidential campaign and is currently director of the Central Intelligence Agency.

Shortly before assuming his present post, Casey—as a private attorney with the prestigious law firm of Rogers and Wells—represented SCA Services, a toxic-waste-disposal firm. During the past several years SCA Services has been accused of illegal business practices, illegal dumping of toxic chemicals and having extensive ties with organized-crime figures.

When SCA Services was about to be

sued by the Securities and Exchange Commission in 1980 on charges that some of SCA's top officials illegally diverted some \$4 million in company funds for personal use, Casey—as one former official puts it—"appeared on the scene, virtually out of nowhere."

Says the former SEC official: "Casey wasn't just any securities attorney coming to see us on behalf of a client. He had previously been the chairman of the SEC. Now, that's clout. We had to rationalize what we were doing to a man who technically was our former boss."

Casey reportedly told SEC officials that the looting of SCA Services by top officials was in the past, that he and SCA were "cleaning ourselves up." Thus, there was no reason to file a lawsuit.

However, the record shows that SCA's problems were just beginning. In May 1981 Harold Kaufman, a former Mob associate-turned-federal informer, testified before a House subcommittee that senior officials of SCA Services and its subsidiaries had close ties to members of the Genovese Mob family. Federal law-enforcement officials—citing interviews

with other reliable informers and electronic-surveillance reports—confirmed Kaufman's accusations.

Internal files of Casey's law firm, Rogers and Wells, show that it provided advice to SCA Services at the time about how to cover its Mob-tainted image.

On August 18, 1980, a Casey associate, Jerome Wilson, sent Thomas Viola, then chairman of SCA Services, a confidential plan to improve the waste-disposal firm's public image. Wrote Wilson: "A program is needed to deal effectively with the rub-off of the Recklitis-Steir [two SCA officials accused by the SEC of looting their own company] history on SCA's present reputation. One possible way to achieve this would be the accurate portrayal of the current management of SCA as a 'reform team.'"

This "reform team" was accused by Congressional investigators of having ties to the Genovese Mob family.

While Casey's ties to SCA Services are disturbing, even more so perhaps is the fact that he was responsible for bringing into the Reagan Administration two other officials with close ties to organized-crime persons.

★ On Saint Patrick's Day 1981 President Reagan—due to the strong recommendation of William Casey—introduced New Jersey insurance executive William McCann as his newly designated Ambassador to Ireland during a luncheon at the Irish Embassy.

The appointment was dropped when State Department security officials discovered that McCann, through the insurance company he headed (Foundation Life of Chatham, New Jersey), had a close business relationship with Louis Ostrer, an insurance executive with an extensive criminal record and ties to some of the nation's most powerful Mob figures. At various times Ostrer has been convicted on charges of stock fraud, embezzlement, grand larceny and income-tax evasion. His most recent legal problems arose in June 1981 when a federal grand jury charged that Ostrer—who was then serving time in prison for other federal crimes—had, along with Mob bosses Anthony "Joe Batters" Acardo of Chicago and Santos Trafficante of Miami, illegally looted the welfare and benefit funds of the Mob-dominated Laborers International Union.

Federal-court records and investigative reports prepared by a Senate subcommittee show that Ostrer played a pivotal role in the daily affairs of Foundation Life. Records show that Ostrer owned about 100,000 shares of the company's stock. At the same time, Ostrer was responsible for obtaining one-third to one-half of the firm's business



"Don't fret about Cindy, Pops. I'm outta coke, and my herpes is active."





## REAGAN AND THE MOB *(continued from page 48)*

*Apparently, Reagan was unaware that his traveling companion was a contract killer and Mob associate.*

Foundation Life made commission payments "in excess of \$1 million," McCann testified at one of Ostrer's trials, during the same period to Modern Agency Inc., a firm controlled by Ostrer.

After President Reagan made known his plans to name McCann Ambassador to Ireland, the insurance executive attempted to minimize his relationship with Ostrer. But the record clearly shows that Ostrer was at least a junior partner in McCann's business. And, while meeting with officials of a Miami labor union, Ostrer described his relationship with McCann and Foundation Life this way: "When we tell them to shit, they squat. We tell them what claims we want them to pay."

★ The President's Ambassador to the Vatican is William A. Wilson. As with William McCann, State Department security officers have been alarmed by Wilson's alleged associations with crime figures. Unlike McCann, however, Wilson has remained in his appointed office.

A close friend of Reagan, he is also a member of the President's unofficial but highly influential "Kitchen Cabinet," and

has served as a co-trustee of a legal trust that has managed Reagan's assets since 1973.

State Department security officers as well as federal law-enforcement officials have been disturbed about Wilson's close relationship with Archbishop Paul Marcinkus, the American-born president of the Vatican Bank. Marcinkus is currently the subject of an investigation by Italian authorities looking into his role and that of the Vatican Bank in the 1982 collapse of the \$1.2-billion Banco Ambrosiano. Authorities believe the bank collapsed as part of a looting scheme perpetrated by American and Italian organized-crime figures.

In 1982 Wilson wrote to then-Attorney General William French Smith on behalf of Marcinkus to determine whether or not the archbishop was also under investigation by U.S. authorities and to vouch for his good character. Later—while the attorney general was visiting Italy—Wilson set up a breakfast for himself, Marcinkus and Smith.

★ The man who William Casey appoint-

ed as the head of the CIA's Covert Operations Division, Max Hugel, was forced to resign from office in July 1981 after former business partners accused him of financial fraud.

Less well-known is the fact that Casey's appointee also had business ties to organized-crime figures. As the *Washington Post* reported at the time: "Security personnel [at the CIA] failed to discover that the firm where Hugel was last employed as executive vice-president, Centronics, had a consultancy relationship in the late 1960s with reputed organized-crime figure Moe B. Dalitz and his Las Vegas properties. . . . In addition, Centronics was partially owned by Caesars World . . . [which] has been the object of federal investigations relating to alleged connections between its executives and organized-crime figures."

★ Other examples of political associates and advisers who have ties to organized crime include the Midwest coordinator of President Reagan's 1980 campaign, former Congressman Donald "Buzz" Lukens (R-Ohio). A longtime friend of the President, Lukens has served two terms in Congress, been chairman of the Young Republicans, an executive member of the Republican National Committee and minority whip of the Ohio State Senate.

In May 1980 the *Kentucky Post* revealed that Lukens was a business partner in a firm called the Shelley Company with Charles Wheeler, an individual with a lengthy criminal record.

According to the published account, the Shelley Company served as public-relations consultants to the HyTest Coal Company and its president, the late Lester Lee. But HyTest was not an ordinary coal company, and Lester Lee was not your ordinary corporate president.

In fact, at the time he hired Lukens, Lester Lee was a convicted rapist, contract killer and longtime business partner of Cleveland mobster Don Bartone. Lee was murdered gangland style on January 7, 1978, in a sleazy adult-book store in Newport, Kentucky. Police found Donald Lukens's business card on his body.

Before he was murdered, Lee—on Lukens's recommendation—provided then-Presidential candidate Ronald Reagan with the use of his corporate jet for a campaign swing through Tennessee and Kentucky. Lee traveled on the plane with Reagan during the campaign swing. Apparently, Reagan was unaware that his traveling companion was a convicted rapist, contract killer and Mob associate.

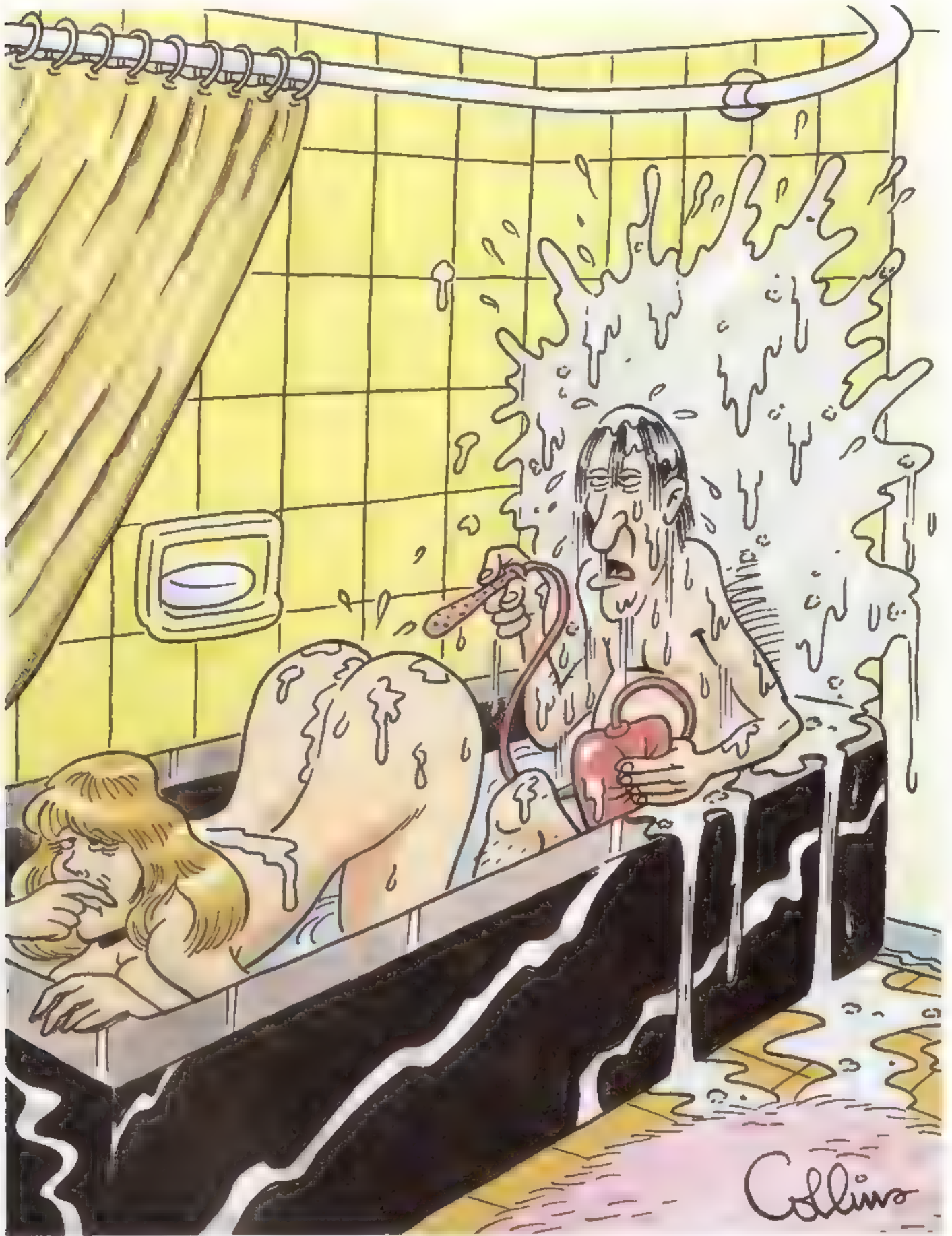
When asked why Lee provided Reagan with the free use of his corporate jet, Lukens told reporters: "I've never met a

*(continued on page 86)*

### EMERGENCY ROOM







"Gesundheit."

# Heidi

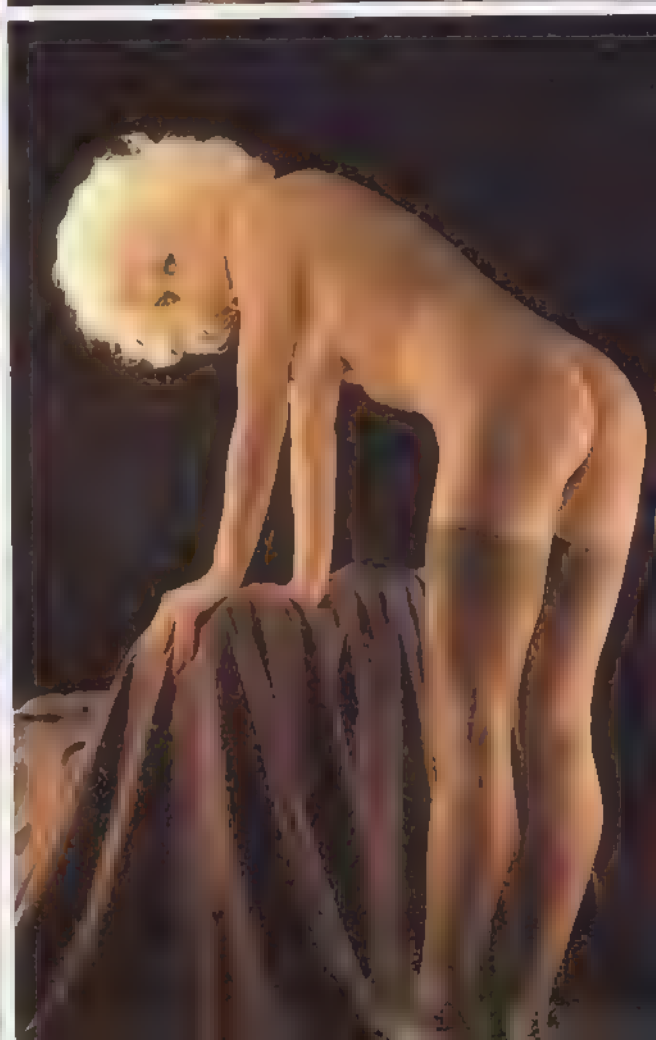
L·O·V·E H·U·N·T·R·Y

Photography by Motti Klari





I guess I'm an old-fashioned romantic at heart," sighs the luscious Heidi. "I still like to be wined and dined . . . as long as I'm the main course! Men should still whisper sweet nothings in a girl's ear, as long as one of those nothings is 'Let's fuck, baby.' After all," she laughs wickedly, "you can't live on romance alone."

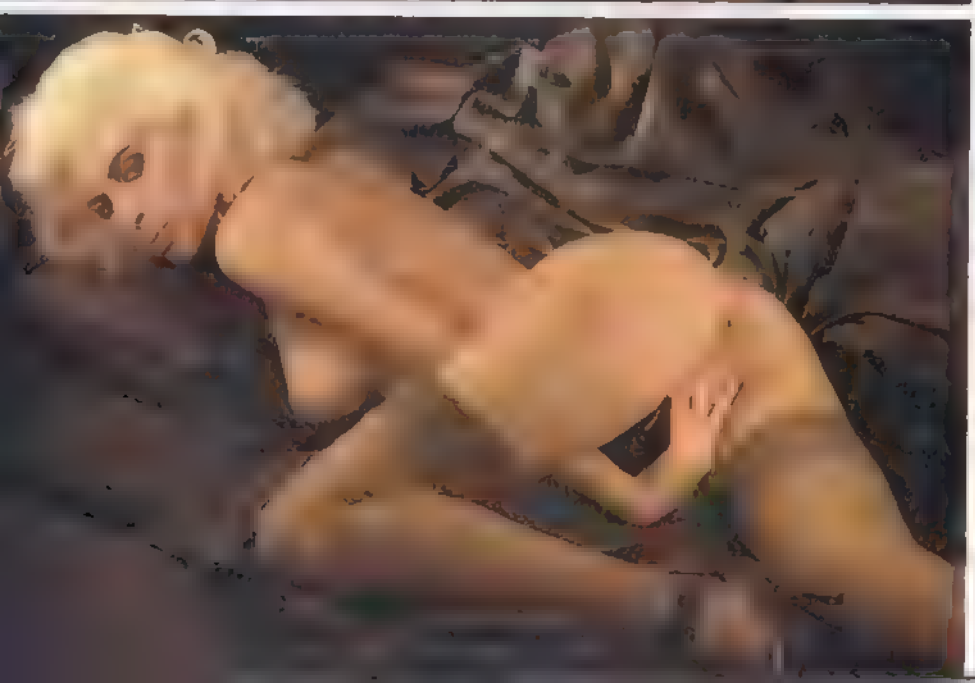








**H**eidi is hardly the sort to be caught curled up with a Harlequin paperback on a Saturday night. She's used to plenty of attention from men. "Flowers and candy are great. But in the long run I expect them to really deliver the goods in the bedroom. Otherwise, what's it all for?" Most men undoubtedly find Heidi's way of thinking very agreeable.







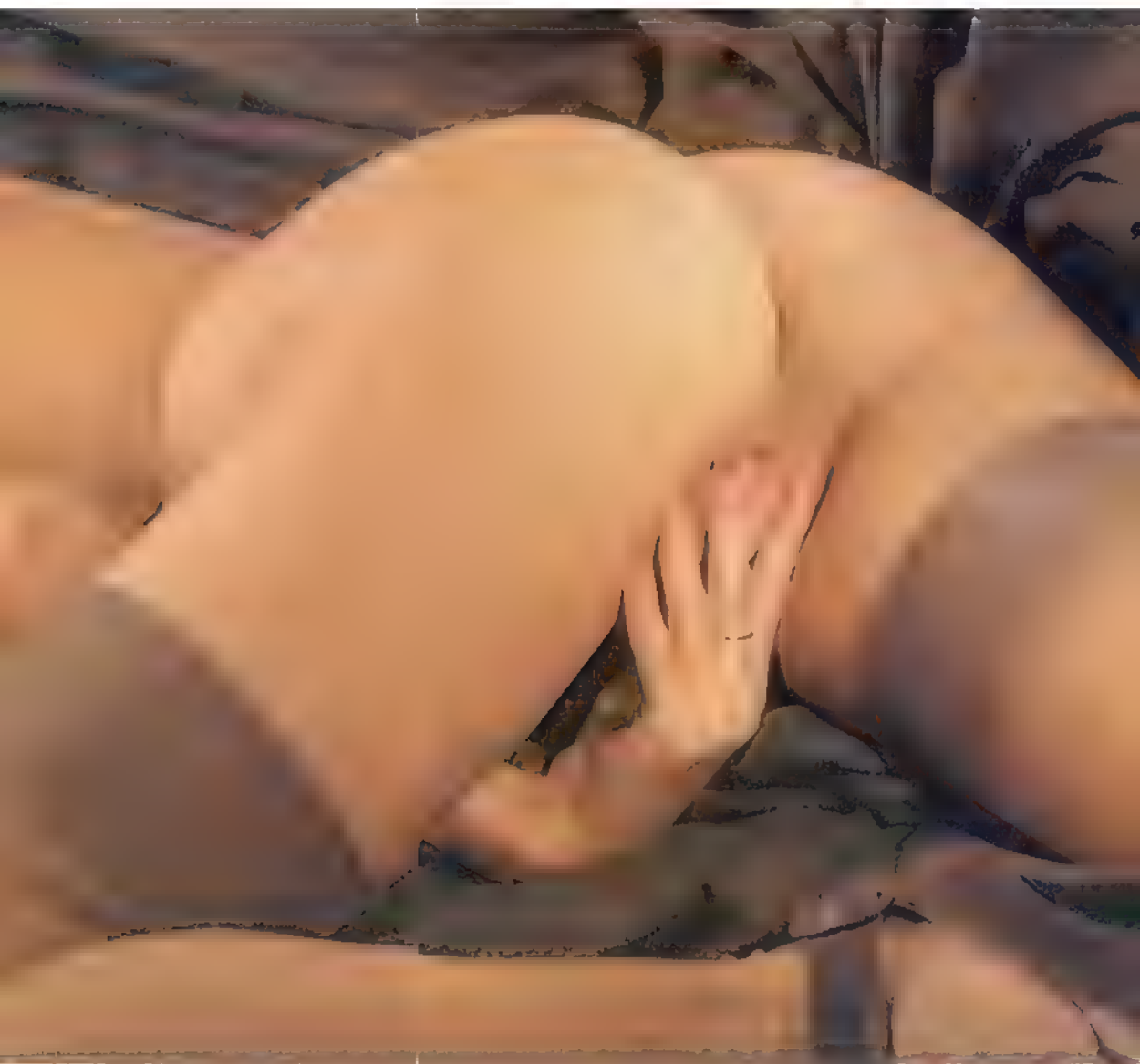
















LARRY KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT

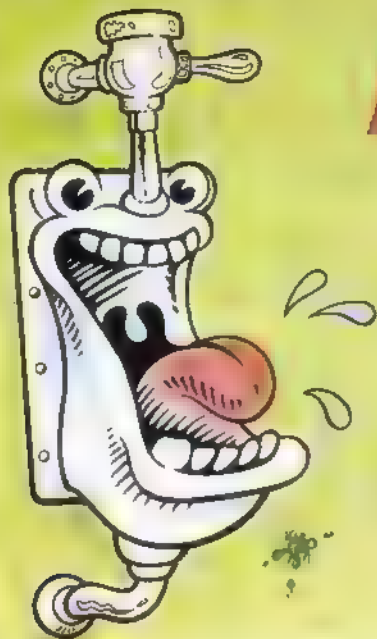
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# HUSTLER HUMOR



**F** Feeling a bit horny one night, a man wandered down to the neighborhood singles bar to see if he could score. When he walked in, he saw a beautiful blonde all alone at the bar. He approached and asked if he could buy her a drink. The young lady complied, and they sat talking and drinking for hours. Finally, the bartender announced: "Last call for alcohol, everyone! Last call for alcohol!"

The man turned to the sexy blonde and said, "Should we have another drink before they close?"

"No, let's have that drink at my place."

With a large grin on his face he headed her toward the door. Then suddenly she stopped and said, "Oh, I almost forgot. I think I should tell you. I'm on my menstrual cycle."

"Oh, that's okay," he replied. "I'll just follow you on my Honda."

**T**he HUSTLER Dictionary defines *absentminded* as: fucking the cat and putting out the wife!

**T**he old couple always slept in separate beds. One night the old man was feeling frisky, and his voice was loving as he pleaded with the old woman to cross the room to his bed. In the darkness the old lady stubbed her toe. "Oh, darling, are you okay?" the old man asked full of loving concern. "Let me kiss it better."

Later the old lady was returning to her side of the room when she again stubbed her toe. She moaned and expected a concerned voice to soothe her. The old man snorted, "Why don't you pick up your feet, you lazy bitch?"

**Q**uestion: What's made from frozen holy water?  
Answer: Popsicles.

**A** hillbilly woman brought her ten-month-old son to a doctor, complaining about her boy's constant crying and extremely bad odor. After the doctor examined the baby, he exclaimed, "No wonder your kid smells so bad. He must have about nine pounds of shit in his Pampers! Don't you ever change them?"

"Of course, I do," replied the woman, "but on the box it says good for 18 to 22 pounds."

**B**ill wasn't happy with the size of his cock; so he arranged for a penis transplant. He was waiting cockless on the operating table when the surgeon brought in a replacement cock only three inches long.

"Are you kidding!?" Bill said. "I already had one like that. Bring me a bigger one!" Eager to please, the surgeon brought out a 12-incher.

"Wow! That's the one!" Bill exclaimed. "Now, do you have it in *white*?"

**T**he HUSTLER Dictionary defines *sexual sadism* as: savoring the whine before popping the cork.

**J**ones, although ordinarily eloquent, had the misfortune of stuttering badly when emotionally moved. One day, walking with his friend Smith down a crowded street, he said with great excitement, "L-l-l-look at that b-b-blond. Wh-wh-what a f-f-f-figure!"

"Where? Where?" demanded Smith.

"Too late," said Jones, quite calmly. "She walked into a building." A moment later he said, "L-l-l-look at that r-r-r-redhead. N-n-n-never saw s-s-s-s-s-s-"

"Where? Where?" demanded Smith again.

"Turned the corner," said Jones briefly.

In a few minutes Jones began again. "L-l-l-look-"

"It's all right," Smith said. "I see, I see. . ."

"But if you saw it," Jones said, "why'd you step in it?"

**Q**uestion: What causes break dancing?  
Answer: Watermelon withdrawal

**A** ventriloquist was driving in the country when he was attracted to a large farm. He asked for and was given a tour. As he was shown through the barn, he thought he'd have some fun. He proceeded to make it appear that the horses were talking. The hired hand, wide-eyed with fear, rushed from the barn to the farmer.

"Boss," he shouted, "the animals are talking!"

The farmer replied, "If that little sheep says anything about me, it's a damned lie!"

**A** man walked up to the complaint desk of a department store and said, "This shotgun I bought for my brother-in-law doesn't work."

The complaint-department manager took the shotgun for a moment, examined it, then flicked a switch. "You didn't disengage the safety catch."

The man took the gun back, looked at it for a second, then squeezed the trigger, blowing a six-inch-round hole in the complaint manager's chest.

The man looked over the counter for a moment and then shook his head. "Shame," he muttered. "Guy was a smart fucker."

*HUSTLER Humor* jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: *HUSTLER Humor*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



# Ghester the MÖLester



"Psst. Did God say if it was okay to poke young girls?"



# BULL MCINTYRE'S DAUGHTER

FICTION BY JAMES L. DALESSANDRO

ILLUSTRATION BY WIL CORMIER



fished the candle from the pocket of my green Army surplus jacket and held it between my teeth while I lit a match. I had to grin at the absurdity of my situation—the taste of wax, the smell of burning sulfur. Sometimes you gotta laugh to keep from crying. I lit the candle and stuck it in the sand a foot from my shoulder. Lately I'd been laughing a lot.

Then I fished the Polaroids from my bag and spread them out in the sand. No, not Sharon Miller, I thought, flipping through the stack. I fucked you last night, mentally speaking. Even self-abuse requires a little variety.

No, not Wendy Griffith. I had you the night before. Great picture, though. Wendy bent over the hood of her daddy's Rolls-Royce, just her high heels and her long legs glowing in the moonlight. The sound



*God bless Polaroids . . . greatest damn invention in history . . . right after hot water and penicillin.*

flawless, majestic Mount Rushmore of an ass. . . . *What a bunch of bullshit*, I thought. Me, Johnny Rico, studly, suave—renegade genius on the rampage—arm-wrestling his dick, alias “the Mayor,” on the Jersey seashore by candlelight. *There’s no mercy in this life*, I thought, pulling on the Mayor.

Ahh, *there she is*. Brenda Wilson. *Where you been, baby? Last in the shuffle, huh?* Brenda Wilson, all of 19 years old and smooth as silk, wearing her older sister’s black stockings, which were a size too big, one foot on the coffee table, one leg over the arm of the couch, the golden glow from the fireplace . . . long, lean, silky . . . the grin that could have saved Cleveland . . . two grins, one north, one south. . . . God bless Polaroids and keep them safe from harm forever . . . amen . . . greatest damn invention in history . . . right after hot water and penicillin. . . . I remembered it so well, I could smell it, feel it. . . . I think Brenda loved it more than I did.

There is no picture in any magazine more sensuous, more obscene, more erotic than a homemade Polaroid. . . . The Mayor remembered her as I choked

him half to death. . . . No way she could have loved it more than I did. . . . *Shit*, was there ever anything better? . . . Not a chance.

That’s when the noise started getting closer. I had heard them in the distance above me. Harry Harmonica, the junkie blues freak, and Irish Rose, the local wino. They were drawing closer. Harry’s hackneyed harmonica notes and Rose’s sad cackle approached until I could hear them directly on top of me. Then it started, the thunderous sound of liquid beating down on sheet metal.

I could almost see Rose laughing and holding his weathered dick, peeing between the wooden slats of the Boardwalk, laughing at the sound of his wino piss bouncing off the metal bottom of the overturned rowboat that had become my temporary home. I put my hand over a hole to stave off the rain of recycled MD 20/20 and cursed the world, the human race, etc. When he had finished, I flipped the boat over, wiped my hand in the sand and climbed up to the Boardwalk. *A cold shot*, I thought, *a very cold shot*. Johnny Rico had gotten as low as he was going to

get. It was time for my luck to change.

I walked the long, creaking boards toward the Loft, an oceanfront beer-and-pool emporium, thinking that only New Jersey could fuck up an ocean. On my right, the stars loitered amid a hazy brown sky above a greasy brown ocean. To the left, the moon winced above tired, boarded-up, graffiti-covered corn-dog stands.

Weeks before, I had been living in a farmhouse on a picturesque college campus in southern Ohio. Then Nixon invaded Cambodia, and I made the mistake of assuming that the First Amendment included me. I voiced my opposition vigorously. The cops came. The National Guard came. And the war came home.

So now I was living under a rowboat on the Jersey shore, a hundred dollars to my name, looking for work. I wasn’t sure what the future would bring, but I knew it would bring adventure. It always did.

I reached the Loft and pushed inside. Jim Morrison wailed “This is the end” on the jukebox. *God, I hope so*, I thought. I grabbed a beer and made it to the pool room.

I watched as a group of young guys circled their shots with the utmost seriousness. Then, suddenly, as if the oceans separated and the promised land appeared, they all moved aside, and through the smoke I spotted a pool table way in the back. And that’s when I saw her.

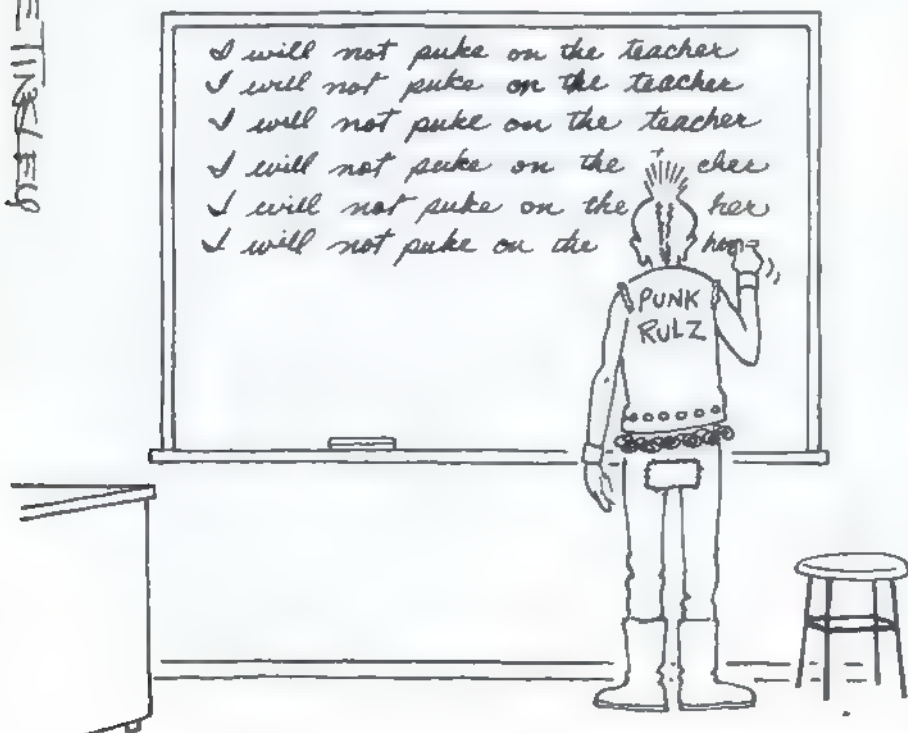
She was bent over the table, stroking her cue, skintight shorts, long, long legs. A bit of cheek winking at me from under her shorts. I winked back. She made a nice long shot. High heels and short-shorts, the ultimate aphrodisiac. My Levi’s grew tighter as the Mayor sat straight up and urged me to act with haste.

I took my hard-on and walked on over to the table. I put a quarter under the rail to challenge. Then I looked up at her, and she looked up at me. They should pass a law that requires women to look as good from the front as from the back. No problems here. They should pass another law that no woman should look as good as she looked from every side.

She had the brown, liquid eyes that danced even in the dull, clouded light and the soft brown skin, the planes and ridges of facial perfection. My heart beat wildly as I gazed down at her breasts straining against the thin white top. My breathing changed. I looked up and gave her my best Johnny Rico. *Just work one more time*, I said, *and I’ll never ask for another favor*. I smiled. I nodded politely. We broke stares, and she bent over to break the rack.

I tried to be cool as she beat the next two challengers, but it was tough. Every move was poetic, erotic, slightly obscene.

PAULINE TINSLEY







"Quick, Dad . . . bare titty on TV!"

## BULL MCINTYRE (continued from page 68)

*"How about some head?" she replied. "Winner gets a half hour of pure oral indulgence."*

She whipped them easily. She was good. It came my turn. I racked. She cracked 'em, dropping the 7 ball on the break.

Then she walked over. The music faded; the smoke swirled; the world disappeared. "You wanna play for something?" she asked.

I raised my eyebrows in my best inquisitive Johnny Rico. "Like what?" my face asked.

"How about some head?" she replied. "Winner gets a half hour of pure oral indulgence. You lose, you eat my pussy till I cry. You win, I'll suck your cock till your mustache curls."

It's not often I'm speechless. She went back to the table and ran three balls.

She was good, but I was *real* good. For two hours we played for every position, every indulgence, we could think of. Her name was Kate McIntyre. She was as bright and charming as she was beautiful and erotic. Sometimes the gods are kind. We were virtual pioneers in the field of pornographic billiards.

Afterward we drove her car to the state park. We parked and made our way to the sand dunes at the edge of the beach. We

unrolled a blanket. Kate kissed me and unbuckled my pants. She could give a dead man a hard-on that would hold two sets of horseshoes.

She looked in my eyes, grabbed the Mayor, wet her hands and started stroking, massaging. She worked the base of my cock very slowly, her long, tapered, manicured fingers feeling like silk gloves. She probed, worked it, finding the spots where it felt the best, where it felt *too* good, looking into my eyes, reading the response on my face. *You fucking bitch*, I thought, *ahhh*. . . She watched the pleasure rise from my rock-hard cock to my eyes. . . She had it; she was magic; she had the feel; she had the moves; she loved it. . .

She leaned down, looked at my dick as if she were worshipping some sacred object, bent over and ran her tongue, very, very slowly . . . that thick, wet, wide tongue . . . from my balls to the head of my cock, her wet hands following her tongue. . . Half a great blowjob is the hands. . . She knew it all; she had my weaknesses down from the starting gate. . . This was getting hard to bear. . .

I shivered in the cool night; my hips rose from the blanket. . . There are angels in the world, and they are not ethereal, unreal . . . they are wanton and wonderful and loving, and I knew I had one. . .

Then she looked up again with utmost seriousness, as if to say "Watch this," and . . . as if she hadn't done enough, as if I had thought there was anything more to do . . . she swallowed my cock, running it smoothly down until her lips grabbed the base and her tongue worked inside, the head trapped in the back of her tight throat. . . She sighed through her nose, a sigh of relief, joy, lust. . . I went from pleasure to paradise. . . A soft mist fell from the sky—the clouds moved across the moon. I looked up and down the beach for intruders. She moved her lips up my cock, then plunged back down, ramming it back in her throat. It was the ultimate ecstasy. . .

I thought of how men are born and dream and live their lonely lives and never know the sheer ecstasy of a moment like this. . . I wondered if Napoleon or Caesar or any of the "great" men ever knew such moments of pure pleasure . . . *ooohhhh*. . . She worked it for an eternity. . . When I came in her mouth, my insides came with it . . . the fear, the loneliness . . . the world. . . I shivered again in the cold mist, and New Jersey added a little thunder and lightning for effect. . .

When the rain fell heavier, we drove to Kate's house to clear the rest of our "markers." I didn't even mind when she told me who her father was: Captain of Detectives John McIntyre, alias "Bull" McIntyre. In time I would learn he was the sweetest guy since Genghis Khan. For now all I was worried about were gambling debts, gambling debts. . . Like I said, everything was an adventure.

Within a few days Kate got me a job as a busboy in the restaurant where she worked, a classy beachfront affair named the Osprey. The owner was Tino Faenza, a silver-haired, burly Italian of about 50. As Kate informed me, Tino fronted for a New York Mafia family, and I could tell by the stream of gangsters that passed through the place and the way that they treated Tino like an archbishop that he was or had once been very powerful. He had a smile that could heat a room, and a glacial stare that could kill a charging rhino. He was square business. I liked Tino. Tino liked me.

Everyone at the restaurant knew Bull McIntyre, and a favorite pastime was swapping lunatic stories. Bull McIntyre, still a patrolman, stops an armed robbery by emptying his revolver into one of the suspects. When a news team arrives, he has his boot on the guy's chest like a big-game hunter. Bull McIntyre's views on



*"That reminds me . . . how're your oil stocks doing?"*





"Are we through, Val? . . . You've been so cold lately!"

*Bull McIntyre's views on premarital sex: "My daughter is a virgin, and she's gonna stay that way."*

education: "Send 'em all to Vietnam." Bull McIntyre's views on premarital sex: "My daughter is a virgin, and she's gonna stay that way."

It was a shit job, but I worked my ass off. There's no cure for the renegade blues like a little hard work, plus Kate's awe-inspiring, soul-cleansing, earth-shaking, ball-draining sexual salvation.

We were obsessed. Kate sucked me off virtually every night as we drove to work. When she changed clothes in the employees' basement, I stuck my hand between her thighs and massaged her clit until her knees got weak and she had to hold on to the lockers. She was the last thing I did at night and the first thing I did in the morning.

The people at work began to suspect what I was up to. When I first started working, I had that wild, disheveled, desperate look. But after a few weeks my clothes were pressed; I had that easy shuffle, that leering grin of the freshly fucked and recently successful. Tino warned me: "If Bull McIntyre catches you with Kate, he'll blow your brains out and tell the courts you were a burglar at-

tacking his daughter." Big fucking deal.

Kate lived alone in Bull's summer-house while he chased the bad guys in some grimy industrial city 100 miles to the north. I moved in with Kate, into Bull's house. And when he began to spend his weekends there, I'd stay in a tiny room that I rented from Friday night to Sunday night.

When I first moved in, we slept in Kate's bed. It was too small for any really vigorous activity; so we moved into her parents' large bed. There was a mirror on the dresser next to the bed, and we watched ourselves fucking for hours on end.

Bull had a large supply of beer, probably given to him by some grateful merchant for his compassionate handling of minority types in the neighborhood. Kate and I drank a lot of it.

Then I discovered that Bull and I wore the same size shoes. He must have had 40 pairs. Now, instead of catching hell at work for my ragged tennis shoes, I kind of sauntered in with a new, spit-shined affair every evening. Even the mobsters knew what I was up to and, when they saw

me coming, they turned the other way.

We spent long, luxurious afternoons cruising in Bull's speedboat, water-skiing, smoking hashish in his expensive Meerschaum pipes. *Beep-beep*. We'd blow the horn a lot and wave to passing boats, toking on the hash and grinning. We'd take turns giving each other head while the recipient steered the boat with a big toe on the wheel. We must have been quite a sight, lying back, stoned, grinning in ecstasy, tooling the Atlantic in a speed boat named *Law 'n' Order*.

One night, right after Kate had jerked me off in the lobster cooler with a handful of mayonnaise, Bull and Maggie, his wife, came into the restaurant. I watched and listened from a distance. He was big, fat, sloppily dressed, one of those bellowing backslappers who had to let everyone in the room know he was there. As I worked, I noticed Maggie guzzling martinis and laughing at her husband's attempts at humor. His favorite jokes were about niggers, liberals, Puerto Ricans and hippies. People laughed and catered to him. A real classy guy.

Hours later, full of beer, he recycled the same jokes while Maggie put her head down in her lap and quietly puked. I made a mental note to check Kate's birth records to make sure someone as sweet and sensuous as she was had actually been conceived by the drunken hyenas I had just observed.

As the summer wound toward fall, I prepared to move to California. Kate and I started arguing, fighting. I grew paranoid. Occasionally, I saw crew-cut men driving slowly past Bull's house. And didn't the gas station attendant look at us long and funny when he filled her car with gas? And weren't the people at work acting even stranger?

Bull had begun to make regular weekend trips to the shore, stopping into the restaurant. He eyed me warily: Was it my long hair, or did he hear something, smell something? I knew it was getting to be time for me to leave.

It was a weekday night just before Labor Day, and I was working behind the bar, helping the old bartenders with the standing-room-only crowd. Two aggressive, jerkwater couples sat at the end of the bar, laughing hysterically as they tormented me about my hair and mustache. "Yoo, hoo. Hey, Suzie... more water, please... You know what water is, don't you?... AH HA HA HA HA..." The guys wore suits that might have fit before their bellies exploded, pants an inch too short, and brown penny loafers. Their wives wore polyester dresses and spray-painted hairdos that had died before Hula-Hoops had been invented. They were working it; they were on a roll.

(continued on page 84)



"Very well... would anyone in the group care to respond to what James has just shared with us?"



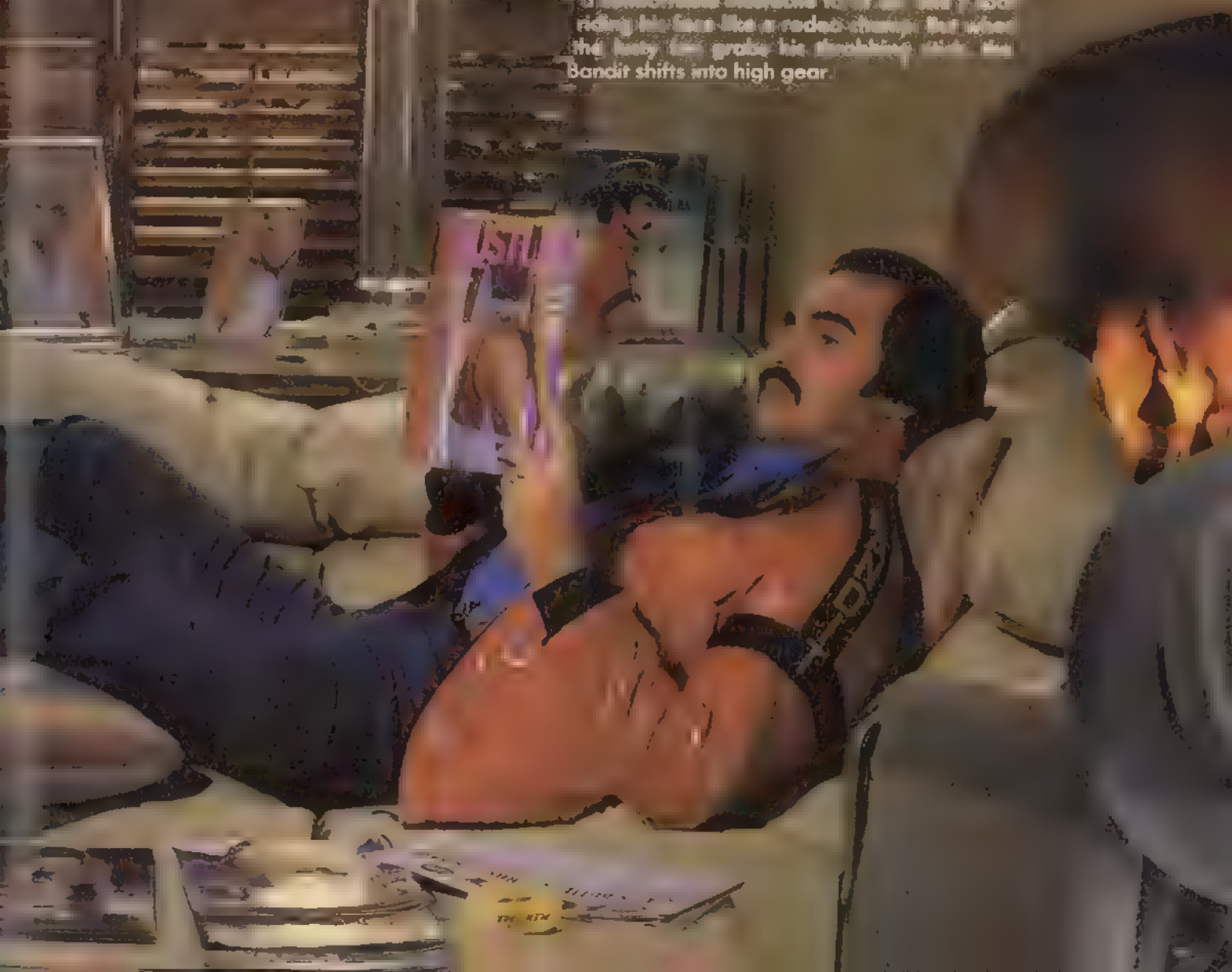


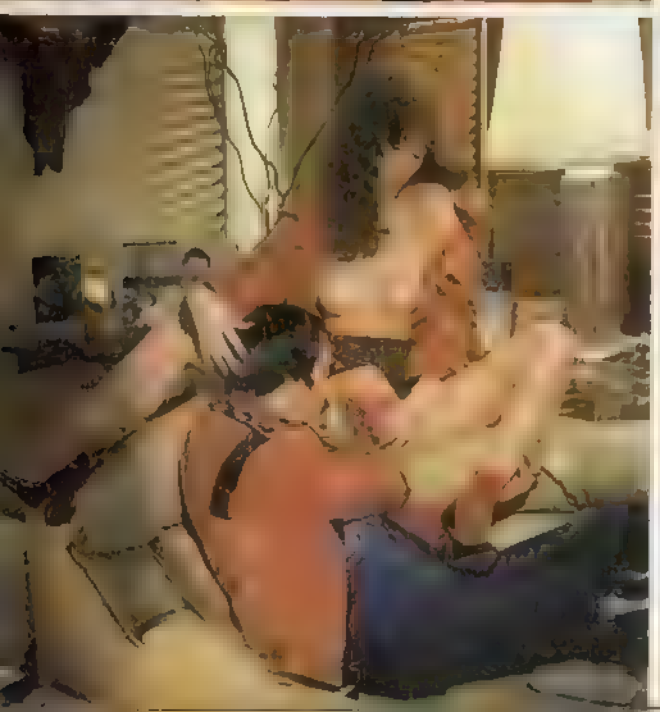
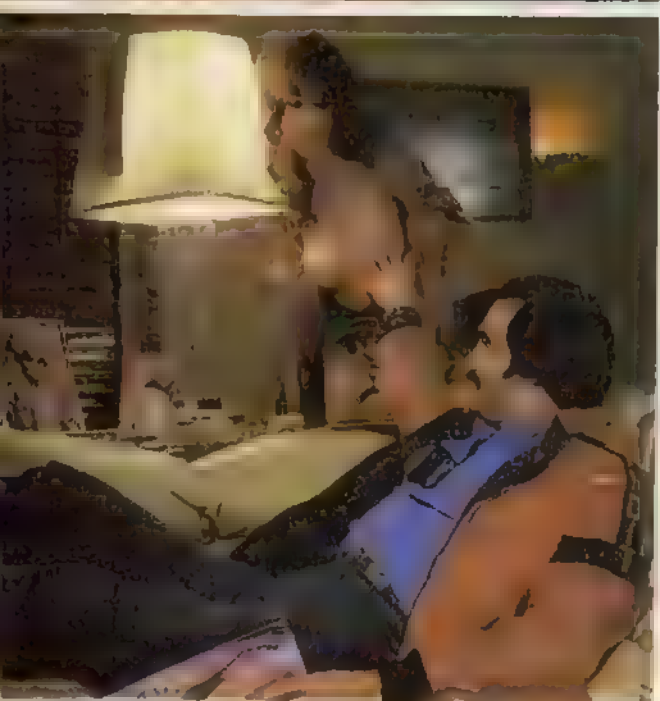
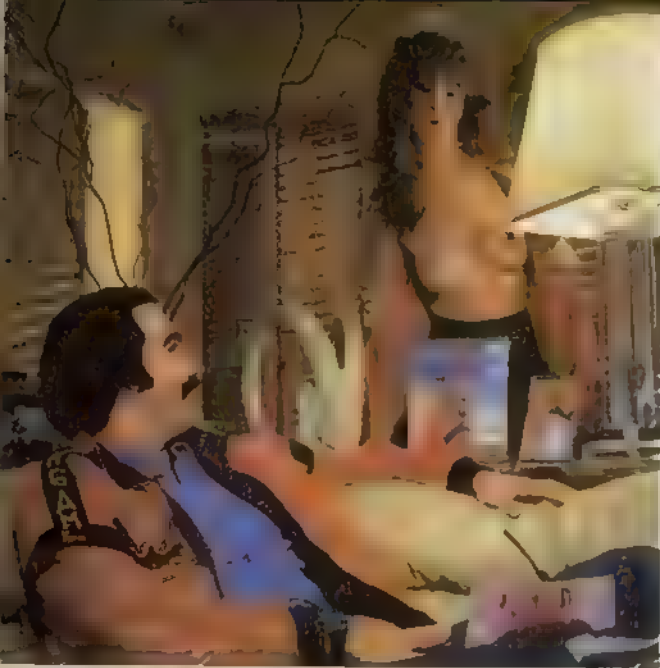




# SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT

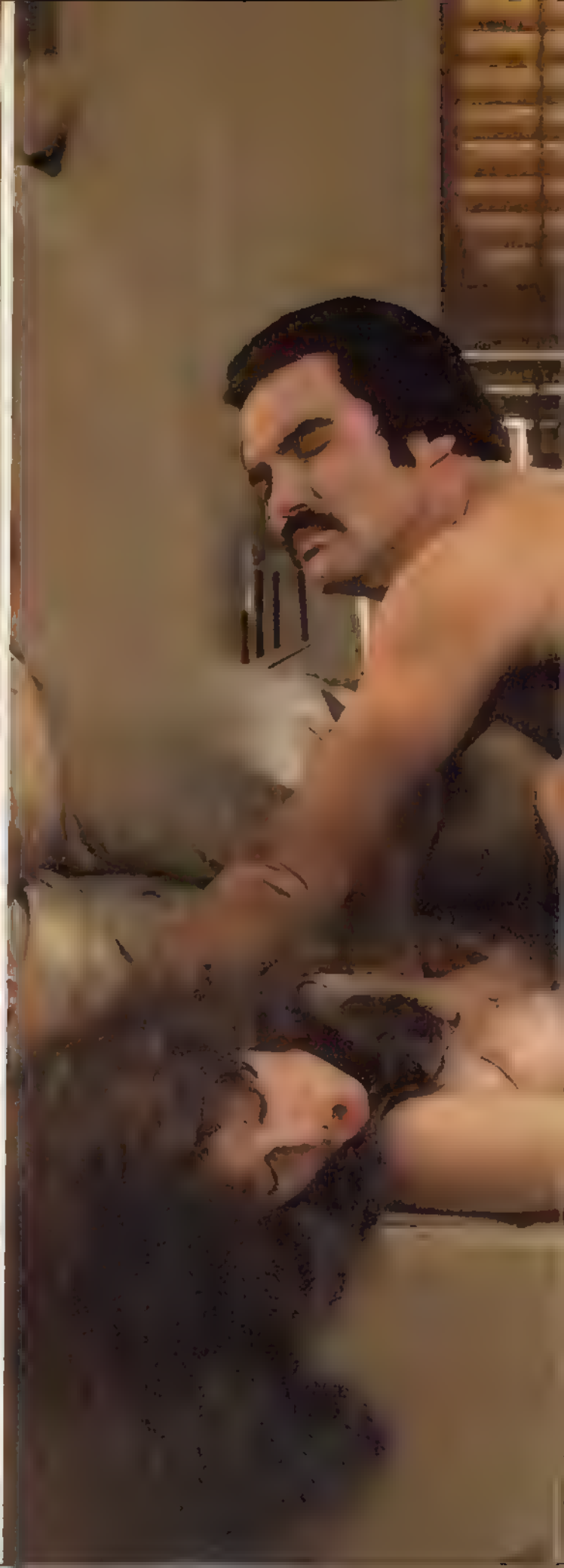
Larry Lomax has always been a prankster. But this is her most outrageous prank yet: sneaking into the home of her favorite actor and finding out if he's really as macho as he seems. The results? She isn't disappointed. After he gets over his initial surprise, the superstar remembers his manners, offering the young girl a comfortable mattress to sit on like a pro, riding his face like a rodeo champ. But when the lady first grabs his smoking stick, the Bandit shifts into high gear.

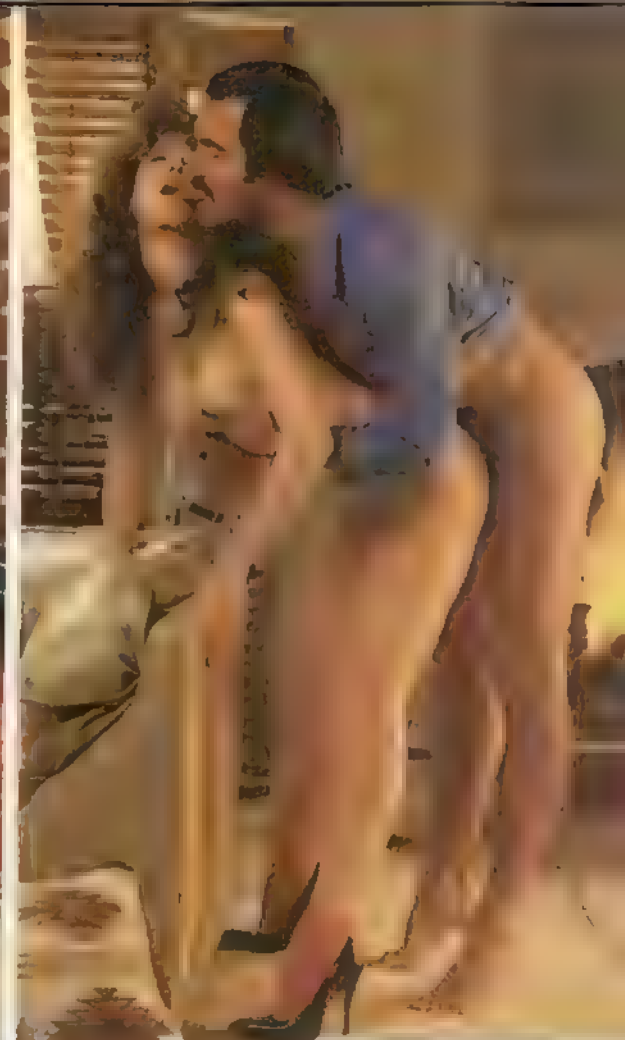




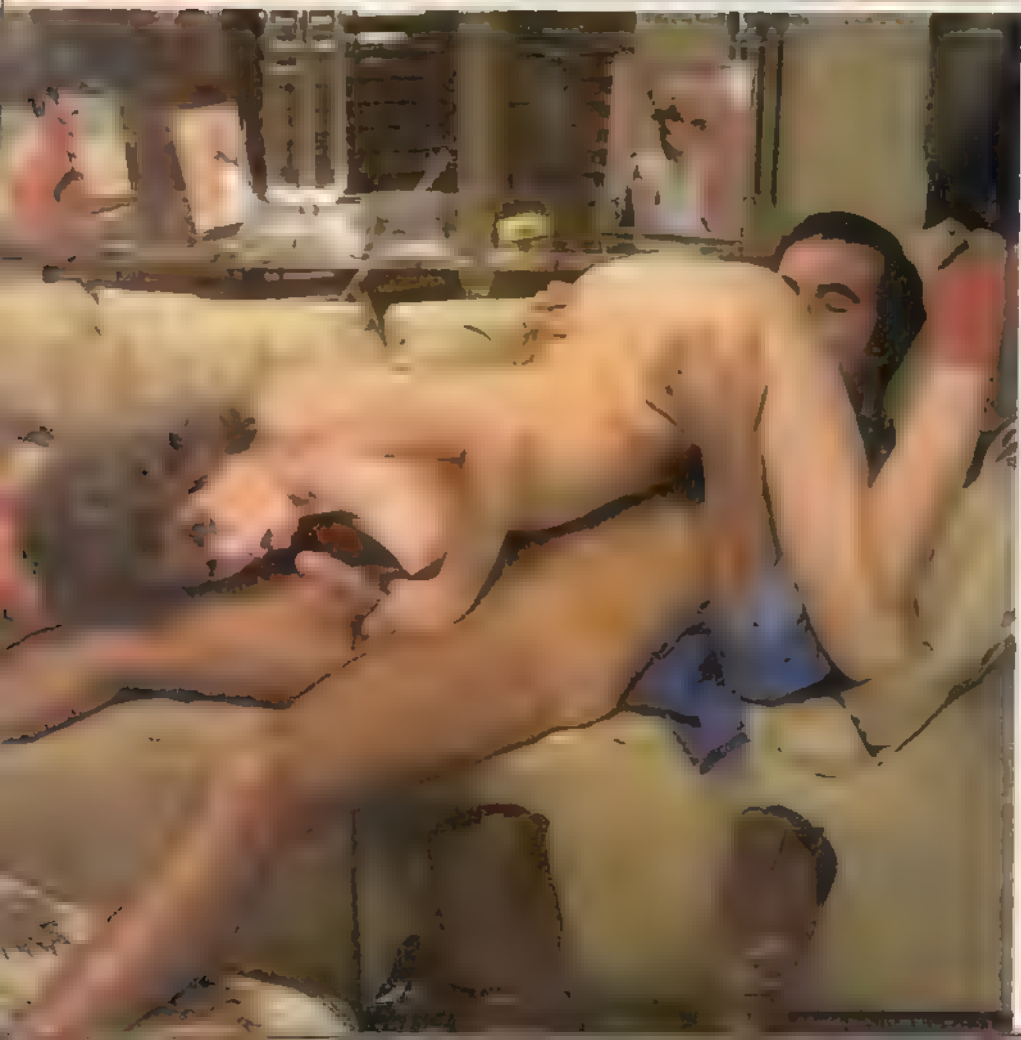








are driven around the bend. "Nice stunt"













*I was stark naked, stuck in a chaise lounge and about to get my brains blown out.*

I walked to the end of the bar and set a glass of water in front of the older of the war-painted bimbos. "Come here a second," she said. I leaned over to hear what she had to say. She grabbed my hair and poured the glass of water over my head. She howled. Her friends howled. Her husband howled. I stood for a second, water and humiliation on my face, examining the knuckles on the back of my right hand. Then I straightened, took a deep breath and backhanded the bitch across the side of the face.

She flew backward off the barstool. Her dress flew up, affording the entire room a view of her pantyhose and those long, elastic underwear that keep your thighs and belly in jail.

Her husband reached over to grab my shirt. I knocked his hand down and caught him with a weak right hand on the chin. I was too far away to do any damage.

I fixed that. I leaped over the bar and went to work. The woman's husband lunged for my face with his arms outstretched. I have always wondered why guys who never learned to fight start so

many of them. The only thing worse than a guy who can't fight is a drunk who can't fight.

I knocked his hands up over my head and caught him flush on the bottom of the jaw with a short, leaning-into-it, twisting uppercut. I heard his jaw crunch and saw his eyes pop back and the blood drain from his face. That was enough to win the fight, but it wasn't enough for me. Not then. Not after the way they had humiliated me in front of a roomful of people. I made him pay.

I shoved him against a table, knocking glasses everywhere. People screamed and moved out of the way. I knocked him back against a pillar and started working. No jabs, no set-up necessary. I banged him straight rights and looping left hooks. *Whack*, his mouth split. *Thunk*, a big purple bruise appeared on his left cheek.

Then his buddy sucker-punched me from the left side and, instead of being madder, I grinned. Give me an excuse, that's all I ask.

The second guy was more cautious and looked scared. He should have been. I

snapped his head back with a left jab and landed a long, looping right hand flush on his nose and mouth, one of the best I'd ever thrown. I could hear their wives crying, screaming.

I stopped and looked around at the two bleeding men, the hysterical women, the turned-over tables, the garbage and broken glass. I was like an animal on display. My chest was heaving like I had run ten miles, although the fight had probably lasted less than 60 seconds. Adrenaline. The twisted mind might say, "This is cool," but the nervous system says, "Life or death." I got embarrassed. I started feeling bad. Ah, fuck 'em. Fuck 'em all.

When the dust settled, I saw Tino watching me with a grim look on his face. He nodded for me to follow him into the back room.

He looked at me like a father who was losing a son. "You are the best worker I've ever had, but you're too crazy. Too loose. You're gonna fall." Then he reached into his pocket and pulled out a small pile of 20s. "Here's a couple of hundred. You've earned it. Now leave town." I smiled, shook his hand and left.

That night I packed, stowed my gear in the trunk of the car and made sure any last trace of my presence was removed. I shined Bull's shoes and removed all the tinfoil from his Meerschaums.

Then Kate and I fucked for the final time. She walked into the bedroom wearing a black-lace waist cincher, black seamed stockings and high heels. The Mayor said, "Thank you, Jesus."

Kate could come a dozen times, but after only a few the pleasure became so intense, she pulled and twisted away. So I tied her hands to the bedpost and went to work. She screamed and moaned while I tongued her clit incessantly. Her chest heaved, and her legs thrashed. She was wonderful, magnificent. There were no more arguments, no paranoia, just the dull ache that told us this might be our last time. We sucked; we fucked; we kissed; we laughed; we cried a little.

It was morning. The birds started chirping; the light had begun squeezing into the darkness. We had just dozed off for the first time.

And that's when I heard it. First the rattle and then the rip. Someone was trying to get through the screen door, which I had purposely locked from the inside. I knew that if Bull arrived unannounced one morning, he would have to destroy the screen door to get his key into the house door. And that's just what was happening.

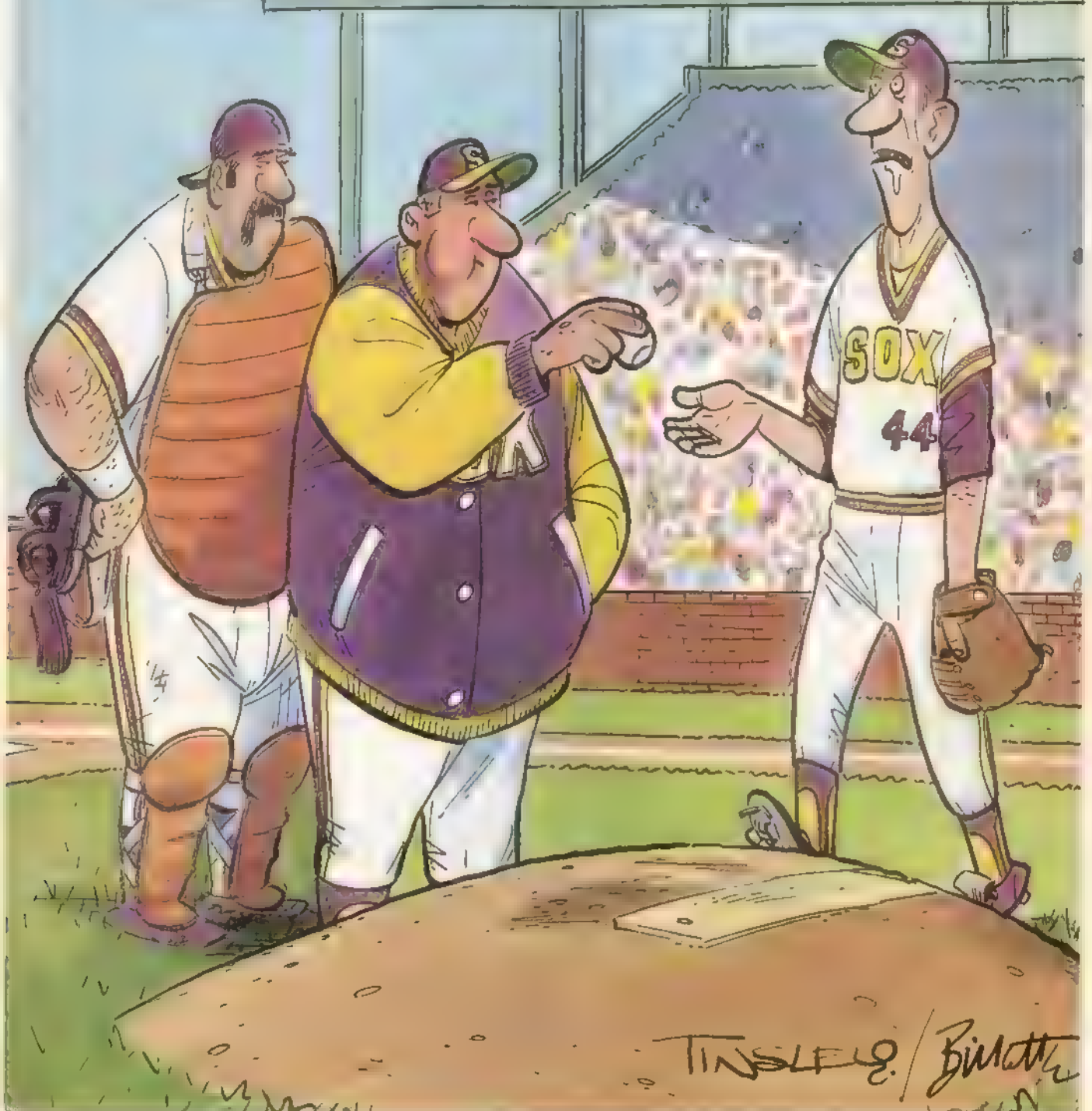
By the time he got his key into the lock and slammed the door open, I was out of bed and moving. Paranoia being a long-time friend, I had my boots, shirt and

(continued on page 96)



"Go away, boy—you bother me!"

...COMING IN TO PITCH, AND COMPLETELY  
REHABILITATED FROM ALCOHOL, COCAINE  
AND ASSORTED RECREATIONAL DRUGS, IS...





## REAGAN AND THE MOB (continued from page 50)

*Raymond Donovan, Reagan's secretary of labor, became the first Cabinet member to be indicted while in office.*

human being who wasn't interested in having a piece of a President."

★ Shortly after taking office, Ronald Reagan appointed Maurice Schurr to the President's National Productivity Advisory Commission. Schurr was an international vice-president of the national Teamsters Union and president of Teamsters Local 929 in Philadelphia.

In February 1984 Schurr was indicted by a federal grand jury along with four other Local 929 officers for allegedly receiving \$89,000 in payoffs from local businessmen in exchange for providing them with "labor peace." After Schurr's indictment he was allowed to continue serving on the Presidential commission despite the fact, according to officials in the Justice Department, that the White House was aware of the indictment.

Last May, Schurr was convicted on the federal charges and sentenced to six months in prison.

★ Shortly before taking office in December 1980, then-President-elect Reagan named Teamster boss Jackie Presser

as a "senior adviser" to his Economic Affairs transition team. As mentioned earlier, Presser was one of three Teamster officials who met with Reagan secretly on August 27, 1980.

Presser became president of the Teamsters Union on April 1, 1983. However, Presser's presidency may be a short-lived one. The Justice Department is currently reviewing a recommendation by its Cleveland Organized Crime Strike Force to indict him for allegedly defrauding his Cleveland local of \$250,000.

★ In addition to the President's close relationship to the Teamsters, Reagan has maintained close ties with another Mob-dominated union: the 100,000-member International Longshoremen's Association (ILA), headed since 1963 by Thomas W. "Teddy" Gleason. According to federal law-enforcement officials, the real bosses of the union are senior "officials" of the Genovese, Gambino and Marcello Mob families. More than 50 ILA officials have been convicted on racketeering, extortion and embezzlement charges during the past few years.

In March 1981 George Wagner—a former ILA functionary-turned-government informer—testified before a Senate subcommittee that Teddy Gleason was serving as a frontman for Mob interests in his role as ILA president. The subcommittee also made public an FBI transcript of a taped conversation between Michael Clemente, a senior member of the Genovese family, and William "Sonny" Montella, a businessman on the docks of New York who was covertly cooperating with federal authorities. During the conversation Clemente said Gleason was the Mob's choice to succeed then-ILA President William Bradley in 1963.

Despite the availability of such public information, when President Reagan addressed the ILA on July 18, 1983, he offered only praise of Teddy Gleason. The ILA president, Reagan said, "sticks by his friends and sticks by his country." Moreover, Reagan said, Gleason has "the kind of integrity and loyalty that is hard to come by today."

★ Last October, Raymond Donovan, President Reagan's secretary of labor, became the first Cabinet member to be indicted while in office. Donovan was charged along with seven others—including William Masselli, a soldier in the Genovese family—for his role in allegedly defrauding the New York Transit Authority of more than \$7 million.

More than a dozen other allegations of ties between Donovan and Mob figures have surfaced. Said a special prosecutor's report on Donovan last year: "More than two dozen organized-crime ties were alleged [during the special prosecutor's investigation], many of them by more than one source." Although at the time the special prosecutor noted there was "insufficient credible evidence" to indict the labor secretary, the prosecutor's final report made note of the "disturbing number of such allegations." Donovan has since resigned.

On November 17, 1982, President Reagan made a speech to the Miami Citizens Against Crime in which he announced that he was appointing a Presidential commission on organized crime and establishing a new Cabinet-level office to fight the Mob. "Our goal is to break the power of the Mob," Reagan said, "and nothing short of that. We mean to end their profits, imprison their members and cripple their organization."

But if the President was really sincere that day when he said he wanted "to break the power of the Mob," he need only start by ridding his Administration and inner circle of those who have associated with and benefited from their ties to organized crime.







# HUSTLER®

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# HOUSEWIFE HOOKER



BY JESSICA CARPENTER

*Kinky Korner is written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER will pay \$250 on publication for seven-page, double-spaced-typed or neatly handwritten-manuscripts. And please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

As a good Catholic girl fresh out of high school, I'll admit a certain amount of naïveté when it comes to sex. My husband, John, married me when I was only 18 and still a virgin; so I haven't had many sexual experiences outside of wedlock. Since John believes that intercourse should be only for procreation, we don't make love very often. Needless to say, this adds up to one very horny housewife. That is, up until a few months ago.

It all started when John had to leave town on a business trip. I decided I'd let him know what he'd be missing while he was gone. I wore a tight red leotard that matched my scarlet lipstick and put on my shortest miniskirt. John said I looked like a slut, but I wanted to tease him so he'd hurry home.

After I dropped him off at the airport, I began to feel a little depressed; so I stopped in at the local bar for a few drinks. Halfway through my second gin and tonic I noticed a young couple sitting at the table across from me. The woman was attractive, with dark-green eyes and long auburn hair. She kept crossing her firm, tanned legs beneath her black evening gown while she talked to the gentleman sitting next to her.

The man was also attractive. He was very muscular, with broad shoulders and short blond hair about the same color as mine. All of a sudden they looked up and saw me staring at them. I smiled and looked away, trying not to look as embarrassed as I felt.

Quickly the man got up and walked over to my table. "Hello," he said in a deep, commanding voice. "I see you're drinking alone tonight. Won't you join us?"

I looked up into the handsomest pair of baby-blue eyes I've ever seen. "Ummm . . . okay," I mumbled.

"Great!" he said. "My name's Gerry, and this is my wife, Amy."

I sat down and introduced myself while Gerry ordered another round of drinks. It turned out that in addition to going to the same church John and I attend, Gerry and Amy live only a few blocks away from our apartment. Eventually the conversation turned to John, and I told them about his business trip.

"That's terrible," Amy said with a frown. "He shouldn't leave you home all alone. There's no telling how many perverts and sex maniacs are out on the streets tonight."

I started to tell them that I could take care of myself when Gerry said, "I've got an idea! Why don't you come over tonight and have a few drinks with us? At least you won't be lonely."

"Oh . . . I couldn't," I stammered. "What if my husband calls?"

"Don't be a martyr," Amy said sternly. "You can make \$200—"

"What?!" I said in disbelief. "What do I have to do?"

"Relax," Gerry assured me. "All you have to do is have a little fun with Amy and me. We're very gentle people. And besides,

I think you're incredibly sexy."

Gerry put his hand on my knee and gave it a little squeeze. It seemed like a jolt of electricity shot through my body, and I felt my nipples stiffen. We quickly finished our drinks, and in less than 15 minutes we were lounging around in Gerry and Amy's comfortable living room. Gerry got up to fix drinks, and Amy came over and sat down next to me on the couch.

"Have you ever made love to a woman?" she purred.

"No," I said, almost in a whisper. "But I've always wanted to. I've just never had the opportunity."

She leaned forward and kissed me with her soft, full lips.



## KINKY KORNER (continued from page 89)

*I bucked furiously as Amy massaged my burning bush, and I knew I couldn't hold back much longer.*

When our tongues met and circled each other's in playful desire, I felt all of my inhibitions leave me. Amy's nimble fingers soon found my aching nipples and tweaked them until I groaned in passionate abandon.

"I knew I had to have you when I first saw you," Amy breathed into my ear. "You're so pure, so angelic." She casually tugged my top down, exposing my swelling breasts. I gasped in ecstasy as Amy traced little circles around my areolas, and when she took one of my nipples between her lips, I whimpered in sexual bliss. I felt my legs part uncontrollably as her delicate hands began to stroke the inner regions of my thighs.

Soon she had me panting like a woman possessed. I felt as if I were in heaven. Amy pulled the crotch of my leotard aside and fondled my dripping vagina.

"Oh, baby," she cried. "You're so wet." She abruptly placed her fingers into her mouth and tasted my juices. While licking my nipples with her velvety tongue, she plunged her finger back into my waiting cunt. I bucked furiously as she massaged my burning bush, and I knew I couldn't

hold back much longer.

"No... please," I pleaded halfheartedly, but Amy merely doubled her efforts.

"Yes, love, yes," she cooed. "Let it come."

I grasped her hand and screamed as the crashing waves of orgasm flooded through me. Amy continued to lick and stroke me even while the last few spasms racked my body. Glancing up, I noticed Gerry standing in the doorway with the drinks.

"Well, well," he said with a smile. "It appears you've started without me."

"Isn't she beautiful, honey?" Amy said, pulling me to my feet. "She's the girl we've been looking for."

"She's incredible," Gerry said, putting the cocktails down on a table.

"Go to him, dear," Amy coaxed.

I walked over to Gerry and looked up at him. He looked into my eyes and kissed me. Wrapping my legs around his waist, I held on while my tongue tasted his lips. I could feel his growing bulge nestle in the valley between my legs, and I knew that before long I'd feel him inside me.

I climbed down and fell to my knees on the floor before him. After unbuckling his pants, I pulled his shorts down, and his enormous cock sprang up.

"Oh, Lord," I moaned. "It's huge!"

"Suck it, baby," he commanded.

I stuck my tongue out and tasted the salty flavor of his pulsing rod. Gerry groaned with delight, put his hands on the back of my head and thrust his cock back and forth against my face. Finally, I opened my wet lips and tried to take his immense dick inside my mouth. I strained, attempting to suck it in.

When I eventually succeeded in getting the purple head inside, I began to bob up and down on his pole, taking more and more on each downstroke. I felt his peter grow larger as it throbbed, and it filled my mouth like a cork, my cheeks bulging obscenely.

From the corner of my eye I could see Amy, now bare as the day she was created, trying to get at my box with her tongue. Without missing a beat on Gerry's wang, I spread my legs to accommodate Amy, and she grunted her approval. Her fingers and mouth soon found my pussy, and when she hit my clit, I let out a moan that sent vibrations through us all.

I could tell Gerry was nearing orgasm; so I bobbed a few more times and pulled my head away. Gerry yelled like he'd been stung on the ass until he saw me get down on my hands and knees, motioning him to enter me doggy-style. I positioned Amy so that I could munch her muff while Gerry got ready to pump me from behind. Reaching around, I guided him to the slippery lips of my gash, and he slowly pushed his penis into me like a serpent snaking its way into a tight burrow. Having only been fucked in the missionary position before, I was soon in paradise.

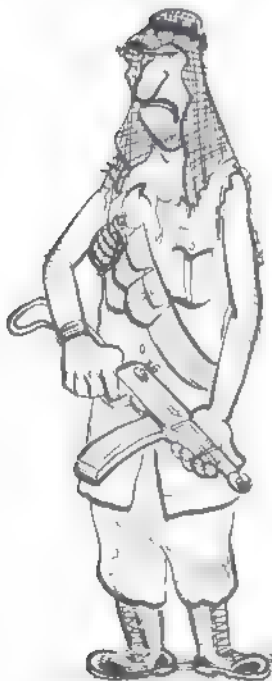
Noticing a long, thick candle at arm's length, I reached out and grabbed it. While Gerry humped me, I massaged Amy's snatch, working the candle gently into her gaping womanhood.

Gradually I matched Gerry's forceful jabs with sensual strokes of the candle as I felt myself nearing climax. Gerry yelped as he baptized my insides with semen at the same exact moment his wife screamed out in orgasmic bliss! I frantically moved back and forth until I joined them, squealing in blessed euphoria.

After a while we all caught our breath and got up from the floor, spent and satisfied. We all showered together, and then I drove home. I felt so good I almost forgot about the \$200!

Since then we've made love many times, and I've even begun to screw other people. John doesn't even suspect what's happening, but sometimes he wonders where I'm getting my extra spending money. If he only knew. . .

ARAB  
TERRORIST



IRISH  
TERRORIST



AMERICAN  
TERRORIST



John  
B. Miller

# Beaver Hunt



Photo by Mark



Photo by Boyfriend

Lori, 22, dabbles in dancing, art and modeling in San Antonio, Texas. Her fantasy is "to be covered with whipped cream and licked to death." Kinky enough for us.

Debi, 23, is a Tucson, Arizona, mother who likes waterskiing and having a good time. She wants to make it on a yacht in the middle of the ocean with two strange men.

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Nineteen-year-old Denise hails from Kingsport, Tennessee, and enjoys basketball or anything else physical. She's a Jell-O freak who wants to make love in a hot tub full of the stuff.

Photo by Friend

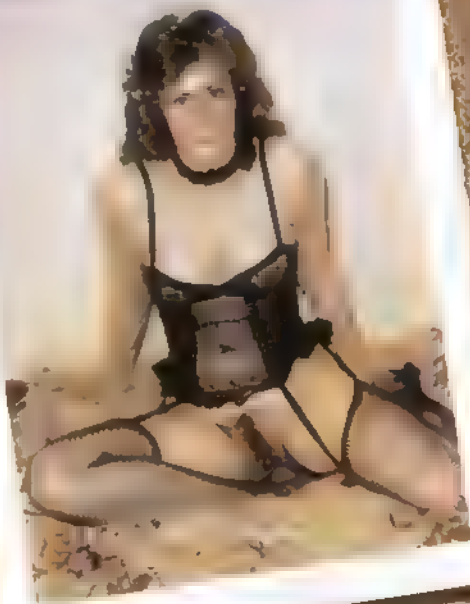


Photo by Gene

Tantalizing Tina, a 26-year-old sales supervisor from Amarillo, Texas, enjoys boating and dancing. She dreams of getting it on with Jan-Michael Vincent at the beach.



Photo by Husband

Ginger is a 25-year-old housewife from New Bedford, Massachusetts, who's into riding motorcycles. We're giving her a leg up on her fantasy, which is to become a professional nude model.

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Photo by Girlfriend

NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CLOTHES LEFT OVER 90  
 Fluff's hobby is eating pussy The  
 21-year-old deli clerk from Long  
 Beach, New York, has a couple  
 of fantasies - to have bigger  
 tits and to find a pussy as  
 hot as her own. Sorry, guys.



Photo by Boyfriend



Photo by Friend

Ramona, 19, is a  
 housewife from North East,  
 Pennsylvania, who loves to  
 dance, roller-skate and go out  
 on the town. Her fantasy is  
 to have a man make mad,  
 passionate love to her. Any  
 volunteers?

Pat is a 29-  
 year-old Brooklyn  
 housewife whose fantasy  
 has come true, now that  
 her picture has appeared  
 in HUSTLER.

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Photo by Monte



Fayetteville, North Carolina's Laura is a 20-year-old mother. She loves dancing and swimming and imagines someday having sex with her lover in a bathtub full of hardened Jell-o.

Photo by Husband



Hope, 22, a Union Beach, New Jersey, nurse's aide, likes drawing and painting. "My fantasy," she tells us, "is to make love to actor Jimmy Lee Holt from General Hospital." Lucky guy, whoever he is.



Photo by Husband

Beth, 22, is a Delta, Ohio, housewife who likes swimming and darts. She says she would "do anything to please my husband," and her fantasy is to have another couple share their love nest.



HELLO  
my name is

"I love romantic men!" gushes 22-year-old Cassandra. A cashier in Des Moines, Iowa, Cassandra enjoys swimming, dancing and horseback riding, and dreams of making love in a sauna.

Photo by Greg



Photo by Friend



Sherry, 20, is a student in Norfolk, Virginia. She likes dancing, cooking and having a good time. But what she likes most, she says, is "to make the men just say, 'Oh, Lord!'" Oh, Lord.

#### ARE YOU WOMAN ENOUGH FOR BEAVER HUNT #6?

Our eager Beaver Hunt Editor, whose sole job is to scrutinize every last one of the sexy Polaroids we receive each month, is determined to make our annual collection of Beavers the hottest ever. He's issuing a special call for new female applicants between the ages of 18 and 75—and maybe even a stray pet or two. Send him a couple of color photos, and use the model release on page 96. If he likes what he sees, he'll send you a check for \$100. Help keep this guy busy; it's all he has to do in life.

Photo by Girlfriend

Jack is a 52-year-old meat cutter from Conley, Georgia. He's into dirt-road sports, fucking and eating pussy. His fantasy is to be in a porn film with four hot girls.





## HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt contest—see page 9! Models should be shown totally nude and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name

Name to Be Published

Address

Date of Birth

Phone (include area code)

Model's Social Security Number

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

### NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

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WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT

Model's Legal Signature

Date

## BULL MCINTYRE'S DAUGHTER

(continued from page 84)

pants, including all my money and wallet, on the dresser next to an open window. In one quick movement I grabbed them and leaped through the window, plummeting eight feet to the ground.

And then the horror. My legs broke through a plastic chaise lounge, and I could hear Bull storming down the hallway toward the bedroom. I struggled frantically, desperately, to free my legs. I was stark naked, stuck in a chaise lounge and about to get my brains blown out. For a split second the irony, the horror, struck me. Johnny Rico's last official act on Earth would be trying to extricate himself from a cop's chaise lounge.

I dropped onto my ass and kicked my legs free. Then I looked up and saw Bull several feet from the window, a pistol in his hand. My heart stopped. Then the miracle occurred. He tripped and stumbled forward, his head breaking the glass pane above the open window.

In an instant I bolted to my feet and ran toward the backyard. I heard the explosion from a single gunshot and heard a bullet rip past my ear, cutting into the wooden fence several feet to my right.

I ran into the woods nearby, put my pants and boots on, and then started running again. Somehow I made it out of town.

That night, having caught half a dozen rides, I had crossed the Jersey border into Pennsylvania. I was sitting in a bar, drinking beer and eating a greasburger, when the evening news came on. There was a videotape of Bull McIntyre, with a bandaged forehead, in the hallway of a hospital, being interviewed by a local news reporter.

"How is your daughter, Kathryn?" she asked.

"Fine, she'll be all right. Lots of lumps and bruises, nothing serious. The perpetrator didn't, you know, rape her or nothin'."

"So you have a suspect?"

"I seen the guy working with my daughter at the Osprey restaurant. Real hippie creep. Then someone told me he got in a fight the night before, beat up a bunch of people. So I decided to drive to the shore. I got a real instinct for scum like this."

The reporter pointed to Bull's forehead. "And you got 12 stitches as a result of the scuffle?"

"Yeah, pretty big kid, put up quite a struggle."

Then the news reporter signed off. I finished my beer and burger, tipped the bartender and headed out to the highway. I rubbed my thumb for good luck. California was a long way off.

## COMIC RELIEF

(continued from page 9)

course, take her to the Sunday service. Most churches wisely keep the squalling Christian young in the basement, where courting couples can't witness the awful results of lawful procreation.

★ **CHOOSING THE MARRIAGE PARTNER**—To a Christian, choosing a marriage partner is very crucial, since it will be a union witnessed by God and a partnership that will last an eternity. This is the person you will be procreating with; so do take into consideration her physical qualifications, or run the risk of having mongoloid children with skin conditions. If she lacks strong child-bearing hips or a beehive hairdo, she may be the devil's harlot. Needless to say, if she is not a virgin, she is no friend of yours.

★ **THE FIRST NIGHT**—A born-again couple does not want to taint the purity of their union until God calls for a new child to be born. It may be months or years after the wedding night, but sooner or later the Christian couple must face the moment they have been avoiding all of their lives: It is time for conception.

As Christians, we should have the born-again method of intercourse written down, to show our children in later years the living hell we had to go through to bring them into the world.

As strange as it sounds, the first thing you do is take off your clothes. This is for your own protection, since more than one Christian couple have gone up in flames by forgetting to take off their polyester and double-knits before furiously rubbing against each other. Spontaneous combustion from friction of these materials not only endangers lives, but also can destroy a perfectly good leisure suit or bowling shirt.

After the clothes are off, it is time to pray. The female prays for conception, while the male prays he can find a way to open the woman's legs. The male may employ any method necessary. Sometimes prying their wives' legs apart is so tiresome, Christian men mistake this to be the sexual act itself.

Once the legs are apart, the man must not look at what is there. Not only is this a sin, but the male may become nauseated, since the woman has never exposed this area before. If he does look, what he sees are the woman's "evangelicals."

Where you are now is an area of experience where angels dare not tread. Your staff is ready for the first thrust, the most difficult move yet. Think of the woman's evangelicals as a collection box and you as the philanthropic parishioner who is tithing like he's never tithed before. You will give till it hurts, and it *will* hurt. That is the beauty of it.

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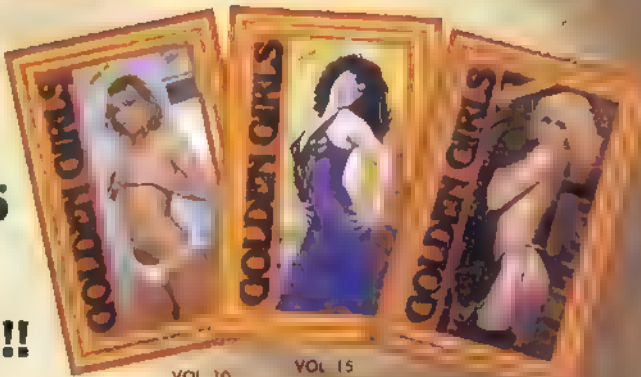


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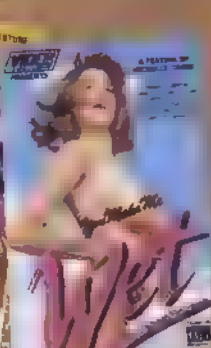
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## HOT LETTERS

(continued from page 13)

It tasted funny, like a wheat cracker. I warmed her up a bit using plenty of saliva, then I pressed the tip of my cock against that hot hole. She let out a little yell and began bucking and ripping a pillow apart as I worked my cock inside her. I reached down and played with her clit, which got her off just as I was shooting a good load of hot jizz into her rectum.

On my way out Ronnie thanked me for showing Jane such a good time. She and I have kept in touch, and she still visits me regularly.

—George G.

Address Withheld by Request

## BREAKING BARRIERS:

I just had to write you about my girlfriend Elena. She is a short Mexican girl, about 5-2, and a little on the chubby side. But her deeply tanned body, her big brown eyes, jet-black, shoulder-length hair and well-developed breasts more than make up for that. Her appetite for sex is unbelievable.

I am a junior at a small university in the South. I met Elena here about a year ago, and since then we have fucked and sucked in just about every way possible. But I want to tell you about the first time we made it with another guy.

Elena brought up the idea. We were

both lying on our backs one night in my dorm room, with her on top of me. I had my cock rammed to the hilt up her sensuous asshole. She played with her clit while I watched all of the action in a mirror. As she masturbated, she inserted a large cylindrical deodorant canister into her cunt. Her pussy lips devoured the makeshift dildo—I could feel it through the thin wall that separated her vagina from her anus—and she said that the sensation was great. Later she talked about having me fuck her in the ass while someone else screwed her cunt. The idea intrigued me; so I agreed to go along with it.

Not long after that my friend David and I were out on the town drinking. When the conversation came around to sex, I told him about Elena's desires. After a few more drinks he got his courage up, and the two of us were on our way to pick up Elena at her dorm. She didn't hesitate, and soon the three of us were cruising down the highway in David's red '57 Chevy. David drove, and Elena sat between us in the front seat.

Before I knew it, David and I had Elena's blouse pushed up over her tits. We started fondling her firm 36C breasts, and it appeared that Elena was in heaven. David continued to drive as he squeezed and pinched one of her nipples, while I sucked on the other one. My hands moved down to her jeans, and I

began to rub her pussy through them. I unzipped her jeans, and she helped me slide them off her hips so I could get a hand in her panties. After softly stroking her wet outer pussy lips, I started rubbing her clit and soon had a few fingers buried in her soaking cunt. I moved my fingers from side to side and in and out of her pussy, and she started moaning.

Soon we pulled onto a dark dirt road. We undressed Elena and draped her across the large front seat of the car. It wasn't long before David had his cock shoved down her throat. He fucked her face from the driver's side. I guided the head of my shaft into her waiting love box as she continued to swirl her tongue around David's thick dick. I could feel every inch of her cunt with my swollen prick. I pulled her legs over my shoulders, which really drove her crazy.

We were all covered with sweat. Elena's pussy juice began to ooze down her crack and onto the seat. I gave one last hard thrust and filled her with hot cum. She had David's cock in her hands, licking and sucking its head. David's hips began to shake, and she rammed his cock down her throat; jism ran down her chin and the side of her neck.

Then it was time for the double penetration. David lay on his back on the front seat, his rock-hard cock sticking up like a flagpole. Elena straddled it, facing him with her ass in the air. I grabbed some Vaseline and greased up her little asshole and my throbbing prick. I inserted one finger into her anus to loosen it up. While David and Elena began to slowly fuck each other, I was getting thoroughly turned-on. The two of them calmed down so that I could slide my rod up her ass doggy-style. At first my penetration was awkward, and my dick slid out a few times. Finally, she relaxed, and I was able to get a few inches of my cock inside. All three of us began to fuck in rhythm, and I soon managed to bury the full length of my shaft into her poop chute. I could feel David's cock through her vaginal wall.

When David felt himself about to come, we awkwardly maneuvered so that he could get out from under us. He then beat his cock like a whip against her face until he went limp. Moments later I let my cock slide from her ass and continued to fuck between her buttocks. My milky cum oozed down the crack of her ass and all over her inner thighs.

We spent the rest of the weekend fulfilling fantasy after fantasy. I'll tell you about that some other time.

—Frank B.

Mobile, Alabama



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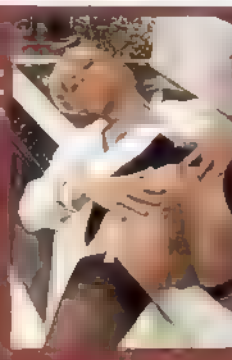
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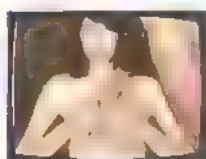
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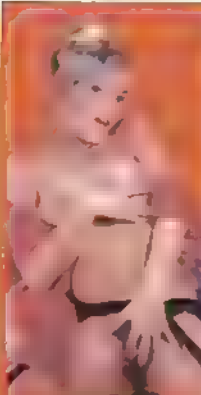
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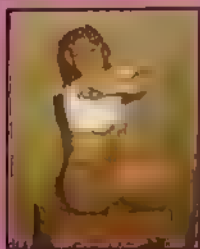
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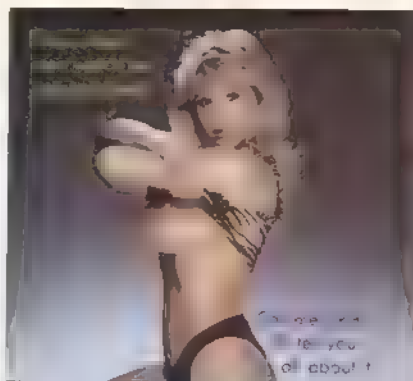
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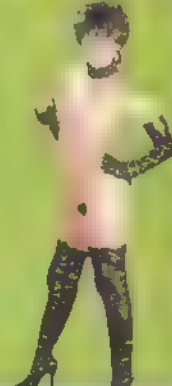
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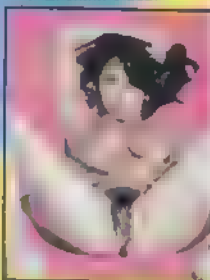


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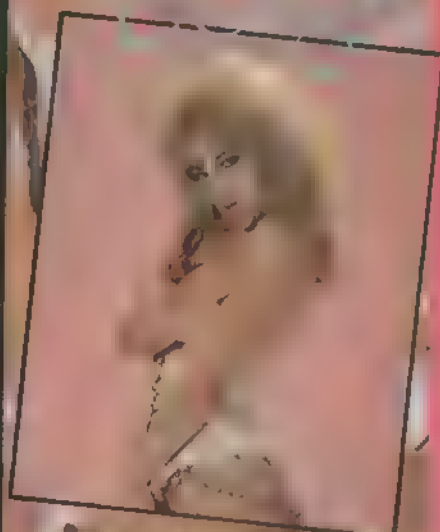


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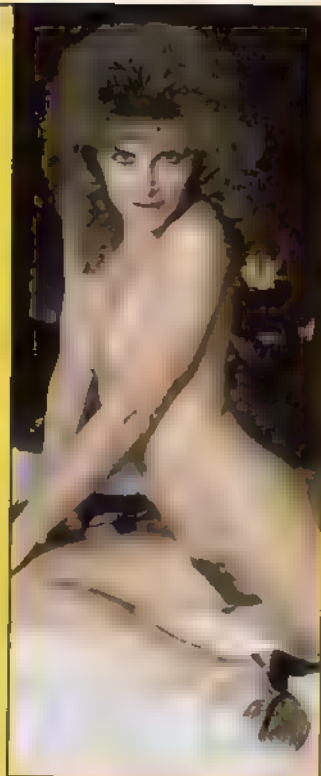
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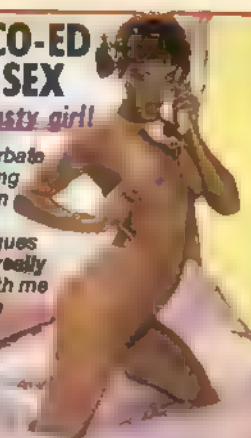
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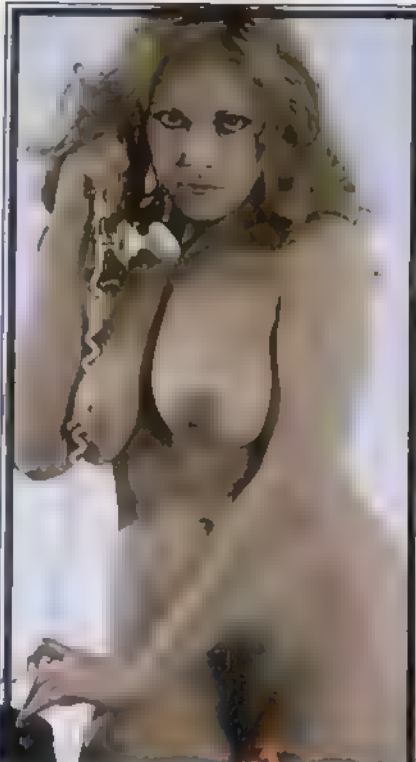


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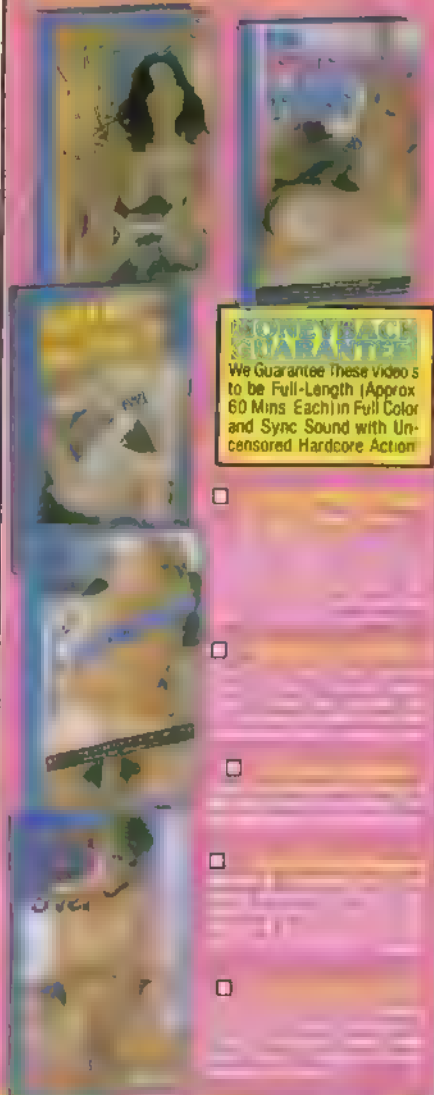
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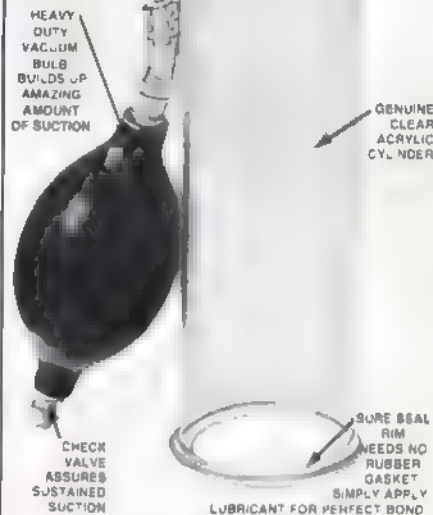


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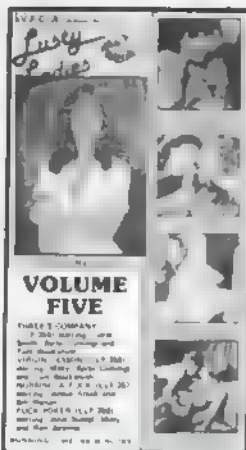
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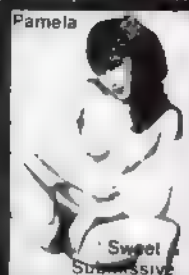
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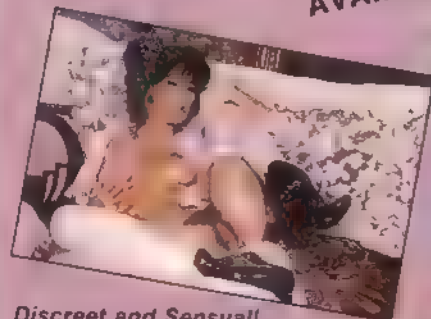
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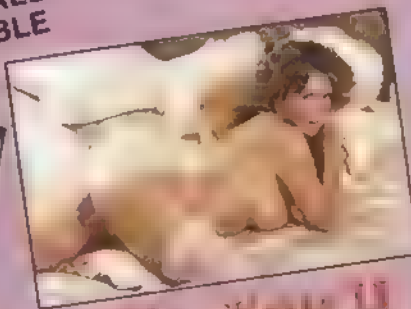
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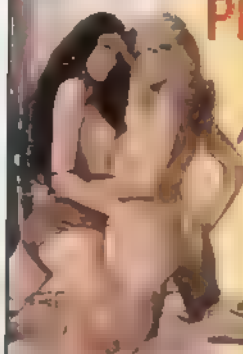
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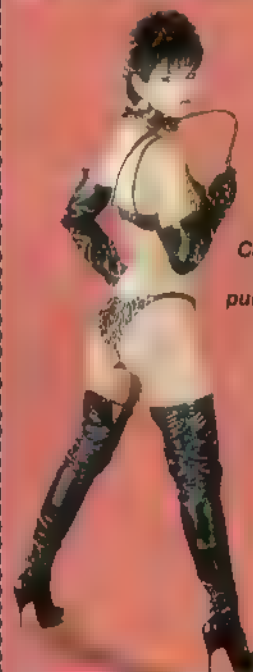
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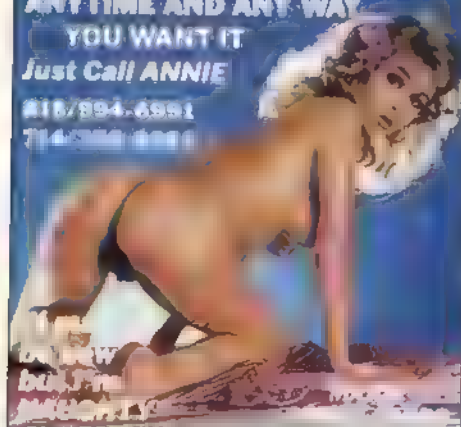
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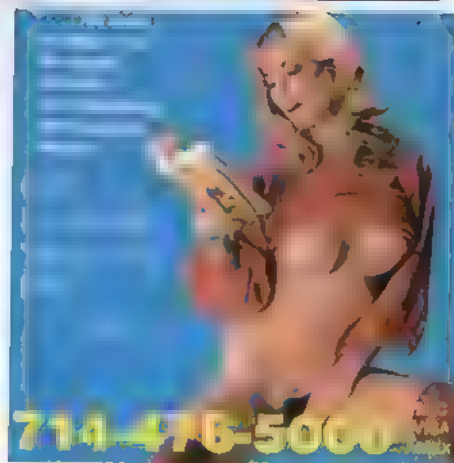
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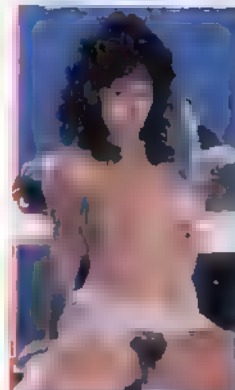
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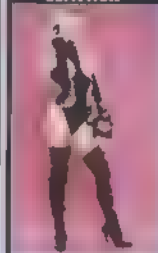
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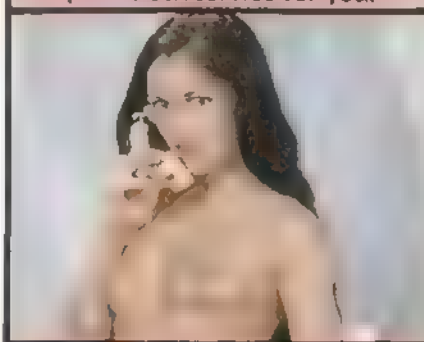
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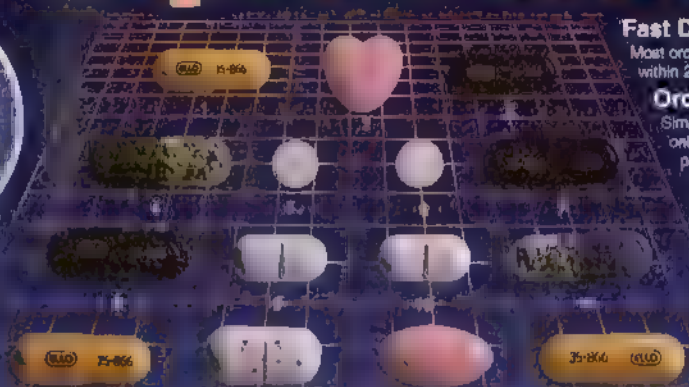
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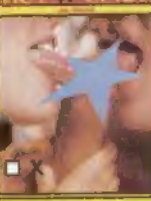
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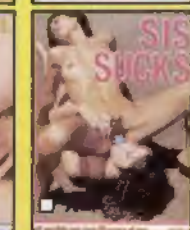
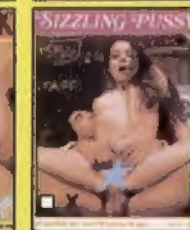
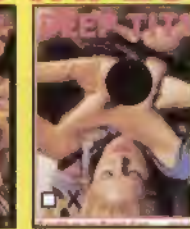
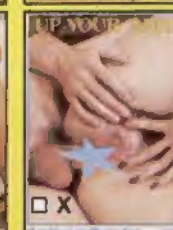
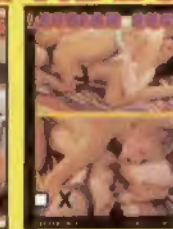
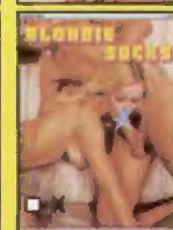
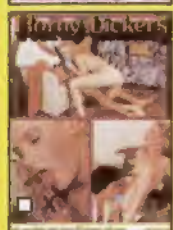
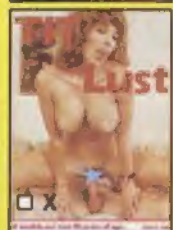
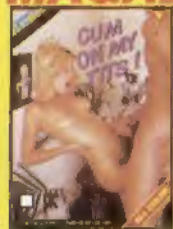
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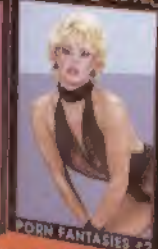
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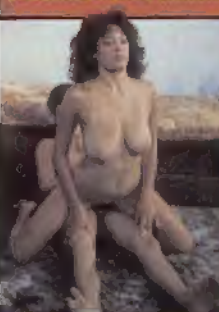
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# Coming



## NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER

September issue on sale July 18, 1985



### BURNING DESIRES

The women of the September '85 HUSTLER really turn on the heat! First, a dusky beauty invites you to enjoy her natural splendor in a palatial home. Next, meet our ravishing centerfold, who's pretty in pink and eager to please. Then we'll take you to the steamy shanty of two black lesbian sharecroppers in a down-home love tussle. Finally, witness the primitive passions and life-or-death struggles of a completely natural jungle girl, a hair-raising experience that will leave you gasping for breath.

### SECRET AGENT MAN

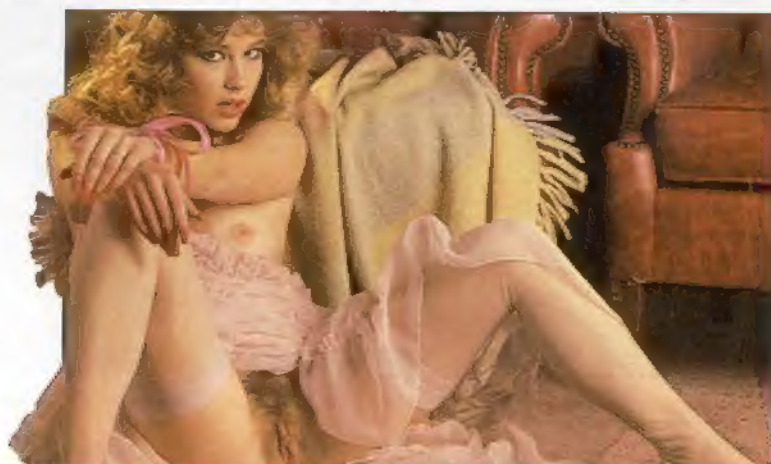
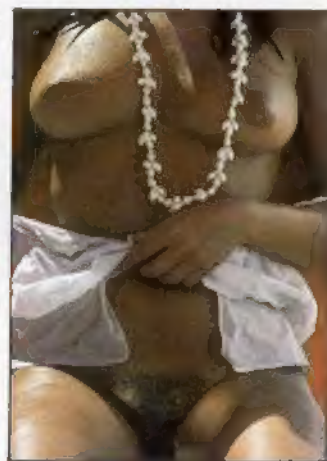
New Zealand-born Gayle Rivers has lived a life most people can barely imagine. A Vietnam veteran, he has tracked down and killed terrorists from Northern Ireland to the Middle East. One of his bloodcurdling operations is detailed in "Trapped Behind Iranian Lines," an excerpt from his provocative book, *The Specialist*, from Stein and Day.

### IDOLATRY

The sneering bad boy of the current music scene, Billy Idol, bares all in an outspoken interview with reporter Iain Blair. His candid opinions on sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll and the fast-track lifestyle prove that there's more to this raunchy rebel than meets the eye.

### AND THAT'S NOT ALL...

Our outrageous regular features are better than ever. *Comic Relief* continues to look at the lighter side; *Melody Makers* explores the underbelly of the music business; and *Hot Letters* and *Kinky Korner* provide some of the hottest erotic reading imaginable. Don't miss out on the excitement!





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**ERAWTIC**  
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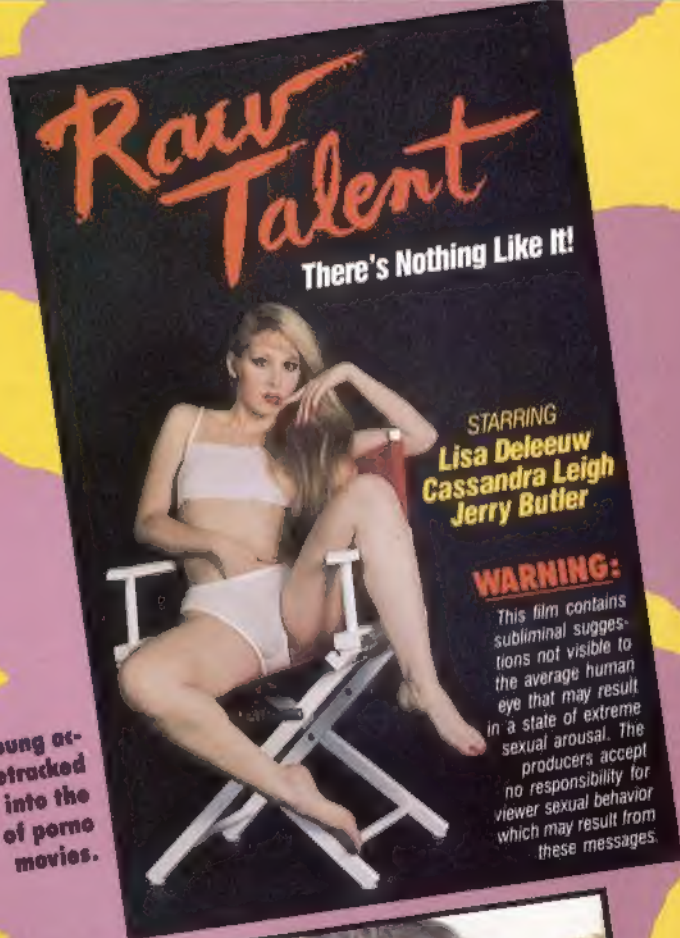
**CAT HOUSE FEVER**

starring  
 Rhonda Jo Petty  
 and  
 Becky Savage

**RAW TALENT**—A young actor's career is sidetracked by an excursion into the steamy world of porno movies.

**GO FOR IT**—Who does it better? Europeans or Americans? Find out in this cross-cultural sampler of carnal pleasure. Filmed on location in San Francisco and Germany.

**CATHOUSE FEVER**—A shy secretary becomes a cat-house madam to overcome her sexual inhibitions.



**Raw Talent**  
 There's Nothing Like It!

STARRING  
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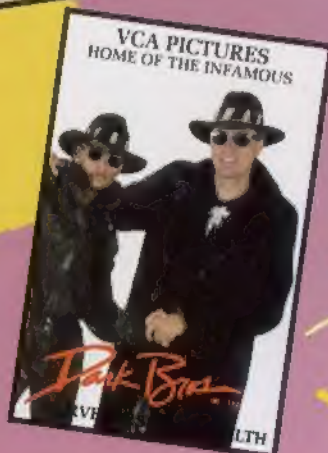
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This film contains subliminal suggestions not visible to the average human eye that may result in a state of extreme sexual arousal. The producers accept no responsibility for viewer sexual behavior which may result from these messages.



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SEE COUPON ON PAGE 106.



**JAILHOUSE GIRLS**—A bum rap sends an innocent young girl to prison, where she soon discovers the depraved and kinky desires of women behind bars.



**SUPERGIRLS DO GENERAL HOSPITAL**—Ravishing Raven stars as a movie star held captive in a sex-crazed hospital.



**SUPERGIRLS DO THE NAVY**—It's hot sex on the high seas as a group of young girls teaches these submarine sailors what "going down" is all about!



**HOSTAGE GIRLS**—Four sweet hostages do it all to please their virile captors.

